

# THE BODLEYS -ON- WHEELS.



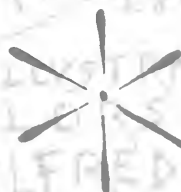


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The Bouleys in wheels





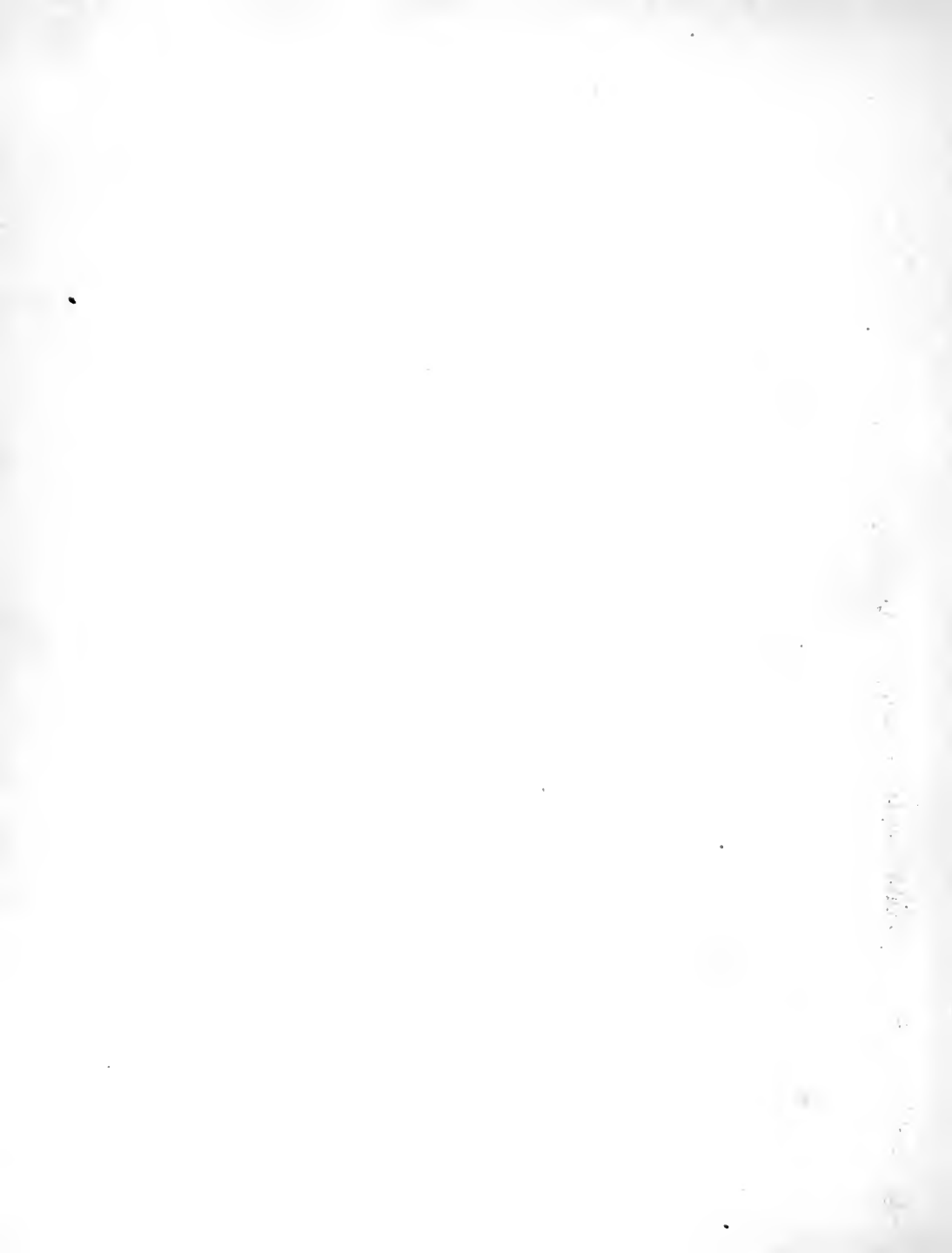
THE  
SAME  
AUTHOR  
TOLD 97 LIES  
TELLING STORIES  
DOINGS OF THE  
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READING ROOM

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"THE FATE OF A NATION WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT."

[See page 20.]

[Bodley, Horace Eliza]  
THE

# BODLEYS ON WHEELS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES," "DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN  
TOWN AND COUNTRY," "STORIES FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM-  
CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE PEOPLE AND  
THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON  
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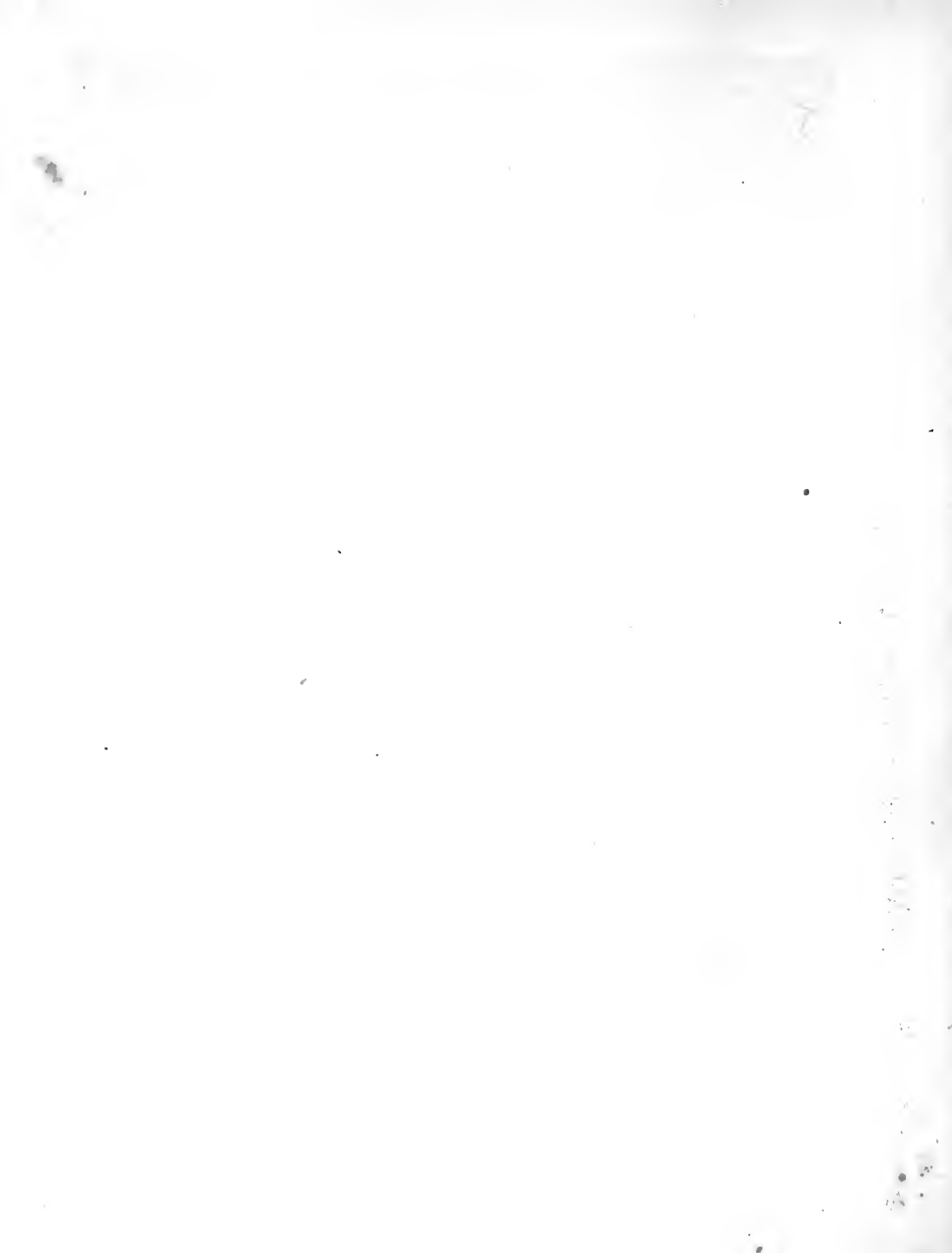
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J-S

TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

*Our wheels sank deep in the murmuring sand ;  
The spent waves broke in foam at our feet ;  
We watched the patient, welcoming land  
Stretch forth, the hastening sea to meet.*

*What sought the land from the breathless tide ?  
Whence came the dark waves, breaking bright ?  
Far off, our shaded eyes descried  
The looming of the shore of light.*







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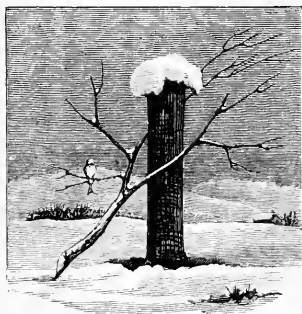
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THE story of The Broom Merchant, in Chapter III., is a translation from the French of a Swiss Pastor by Mr. John Ruskin, who published it, interruptedly, in his monthly *Fors Clavigera*. The complete story is not here given, but so much only as seemed of use and interest to children.

# THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

## CHAPTER I.

· GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.



T was New Year's Eve at Roseland as well as elsewhere, and the Bodley family was seated before the wood fire in the library. Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Bodley were there, and Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, each in his or her own chair. So, too, was cousin Ned Adams, at home from college for the holidays. Martin, the hired man, was in the kitchen; the Jersey cow was in the stable; Nep, the Newfoundland dog, was in his kennel; and Mr. Bottom, the weaving horse, was in his stall; Martin's brother Hen was in California, and thus, as the old year drew near its end, all these people were in readiness for the new year to come.

"What a queer thing time is," said Phippy, who had been silent for at least a full minute, and had been watching the fire. "It keeps going and going. Can't we stop it, papa? There!" and she slapped her hand on the book in her lap, "there! did n't I catch it that time? Can't I hold it?" and she slapped her book suddenly again.

"It's going still," said her father. "You didn't get the upper hand of it, Phippy. How do you think the Old Year feels to be going out of life to-night? And to-morrow we shall have the New Year with us!"

"What does the Old Year look like?" asked the little girl.

"I think he drives off in a horse and sleigh," said Nathan.



How the Old Year looked to Lucy.

"No, I'll tell you," said Lucy. "It's like an old man walking away in the snow in the forest, while the children stand and watch him."

"But there is n't any forest about here, except May's Woods," said Nathan, "and he'd get through those before the New Year could come."

“ I think he must be a great snow man,” said Ned ; “ and when twelve o’clock comes, he begins to thaw and thaw ; first he loses his head and forgets what time it is, and he can’t see the New Year coming, and then his arms go and he can’t thrash himself to keep up the circulation, and then his trunk goes and he has n’t even an icicle pocket-handkerchief to his name, and finally his legs give way, and when the New Year walks along, he can only just make out the place where the Old Year was. At least that’s my opinion about it, from a general survey of the landscape.”

“ Is it thawing to-night, Edward ? ” asked his uncle.

“ Yes, sir, and that’s the reason I’m not going in to Christ Church to see the old year out and the new year in. It will be a moist, unpleasant night.”

“ Why, can you see it at Christ Church ? ” asked Nathan, eagerly.

“ Well, it’s as good a place as any. It’s rather dark in Joy Street.”

“ Ned is talking nonsense,” said Mrs. Bodley. “ There is a service at Christ Church in Boston this evening, which lasts until after midnight. Just at twelve o’clock everybody kneels in prayer, so that as the old year disappears and the new one comes in the people are still, and when the hour is past they sing a hymn, and then go home.”

“ Do they go home after twelve o’clock ? ” asked Lucy. “ I should think they’d be afraid.”

“ Poh ! ” said Nathan. “ Why, it’s light as day sometimes at twelve o’clock at night, when the moon shines.”

“ It was not very light when Captain Pulling hung out his lanterns from Christ Church steeple,” said Mr. Bodley.

“ The moon was rising,” said Mrs. Bodley.

"Then what did he hang out the lantern for?" asked Nathan.

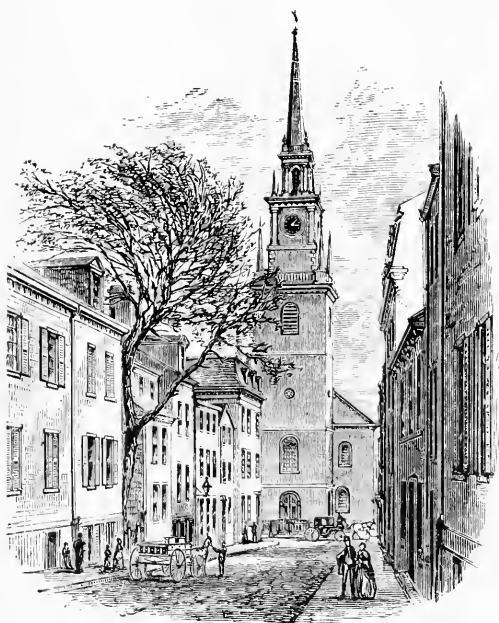
"Your father will tell you, Thanny. Have n't you heard the story of Paul Revere's ride?"

"No, mother. Was it New Year's Eve?"

"It was the night before the fighting at Concord and Lexington," said his father. "When was that?"

"The 19th of April, 1775," said the little boy.

"That is right. Well, you know that the British had determined to go to Concord to get hold of the military stores which had been collected



Christ Church, Salem Street, Boston.

there. For a good while the patriots had been making preparations to defend themselves in what they felt to be a coming conflict with Governor Gage and the regulars under his control. They had a committee of prominent men who watched the movements of the governor and the soldiers, and held secret meetings among themselves, to be ready in any emergency; they feared being surprised, and knew that the soldiers wanted to get possession of the military stores and occupy two of the towns of the colony, in order to prevent the patriots from resisting the demands of the British authorities. Now Governor Gage knew of all this, and so he on his part kept his secrets and planned the expedition to Concord, which was

to start at night. But he could not easily make his arrangements without letting it be known among the men themselves that they were to go somewhere, and it happened that one of the grooms at the governor's house bragged in a stable near by, in a way that showed some expedition was coming off the next day. A stable boy was currying a horse and heard him; he was one of the Liberty boys, as they were called, and when he heard the groom he was so excited he could scarcely hold the curry-comb. He got a chance to slip off, and told the news to some one whom he could trust, who carried it to the committee. The committee had already suspected that something was to be done. Tuesday was the 18th of April, and on the Sunday previous it had been agreed that whenever the expedition started, signals should be hung from the steeple of Christ Church, or the Old North, as it was called; that one lantern should be hung out if the British started by land, and two if they went by water. So on Tuesday evening, when it was found that the expedition was to start, Dr. Warren, one of the leaders, called on Paul Revere, who was in the secret, to carry the news at all speed to Lexington and Concord, and arouse the people so that they might not be surprised. Revere had a trusty friend, Captain John Pulling, a member of the committee also, and he went to him and arranged that he should go into the steeple, watch the British to see which way they were going, and, when he discovered it, hang out his one lantern or his two lanterns according to the plan. You see they could not be sure which way the British would take: whether they would cross the river and land at Lechmere's Point, in what is now East Cambridge, or go round by land, which would take them much longer. Meanwhile Revere had put on his surtout and his boots, and been rowed across to Charlestown by some friends,

and there he met a Captain Conant and other patriots who had been on the alert ever since Sunday. They knew about the signals and had seen them while Revere was rowing across. They had a horse ready for him, and he sprang on its back and flew off through Lexington and Concord, rousing the people and telling them that the soldiers were coming.

"I told you that Revere did not hang out the signals. His business was to ride to Concord and alarm the people on the road, and in order to start promptly, he wanted to be on the Charlestown side and ready to mount his horse as soon as it should be known that the British had set out, and which way it was they had taken. Now it was no simple matter to hang the lanterns from the steeple. The barracks of the soldiers were near the Old North; soldiers were in the streets, and the light might be discovered by them, or some old woman, as Captain Pulling said, might see the light and scream fire. If Revere could once see the signals, then it would not matter so much to him if they were discovered by the soldiers, but it might matter a good deal to the person who hung them. That was the reason why Pulling, who was a warm friend of Revere's, was a brave man when he agreed to hang the lanterns, and I think it was because he was a brave man that Revere asked him to do it.

"Captain John Pulling lived in Salem Street, and as soon as he had received notice from Revere, he went to the sexton of the church and asked for the keys. Pulling was a vestryman, so the man, who was in bed, got up and gave them to him, and then went back to bed again. Pulling unlocked the church, went in and locked the door behind him, and climbed up to the upper window of the steeple. From there he could look down and see the move-



ments of the soldiers. Possibly, too, he could see Revere in his boat, pulling across. He could see, too, the man-of-war Somerset lying in the stream. He saw the boats loading now with soldiers, and knew they were embarking. Then he hung out his two lanterns, and Captain Conant and the others on the Charlestown shore saw the two lights twinkling in the spire and knew the time had come.

“It was a courageous thing in Pulling and Revere. It was very soon known that signals had been made, and the British authorities, who were angry at the discovery of the plan, began to search for the man who had hung out the lanterns. They went to the sexton. He said he only knew that Mr. Pulling came to him for the keys the night of the 18th, and as he was a vestryman, of course he gave them to him. Mr. Malcolm, a neighbor of Captain Pulling’s, heard of what was going on, and sent a message by his wife that ‘Captain Pulling had better leave the town as soon as possible, with his family.’ Thereupon Pulling disguised himself as a laborer, and somehow managed to smuggle himself and his family on a small craft, and was carried to Nantasket. They had a hard time there, for they had gone off in too great a hurry to take anything with them, and afterwards, when Pulling went back to Boston, after the siege was raised, he found he had lost almost all the property he had. So you see it was no light matter to hang the lanterns from Christ Church steeple.”

“It was too early to go in bathing much at Nantasket beach,” said Ned, gravely.

“Why, was Nantasket beach there then?” asked Nathan, in surprise.

At the time when the Bodleys had this talk, Longfellow had not

published his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," else one of the children would surely have learned and recited the ballad of Paul Revere's Ride. It is a pity that children to-day, reading about the Bodleys, should not have it before them, so it is printed for them to read, to commit to memory, and to repeat by the family fireside.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night !" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet.



And the measured tread of the Grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !



He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.  
You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and barn-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,  
Through all our history to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

“Did Paul Revere keep the Revere House?” asked Phippy, innocently.

“Oh, no,” said her father. “That house was built long after Revere died, but it was named after him. He was a mechanic and a veritable Yankee, I think. He was a goldsmith at first, and after that he engraved on copper, but his portraits and other engravings are rather rude. He went to Philadelphia early in the war to learn how powder was made. There was no powder-mill in New England at that time. The proprietor of the mill which he visited in Phila-

delphia refused to show Revere how his powder was made, but he let him walk through the mill. That was enough for Revere. He kept his eyes open, and when he went back to Boston he knew how to make powder. He was one of the Boston tea-party, and a lieutenant-colonel of militia, and after the war was over he established a foundry and cast bells and cannon. But I think he was a better silversmith and goldsmith than anything else. That silver tea-set that we use sometimes was made and engraved by him."

"I'd like to ride Mr. Bottom to Concord," said Nathan, getting up and prancing about.

"The telegraph-wire would be ahead of you," said Ned. "I think you'd better stay at home and make silver tea-pots."

"You can make your bow now," said his mother, and so, with bows and courtesies, off went the children to bed.

"I wish we could have an excursion into the country," said Ned, after the children were gone. "We might visit Concord and Lexington and all sorts of places."

"Wait till summer comes," said Mr. Bodley; "then, perhaps, we can all go off on a journey."

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## CHAPTER II.

### HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE Bodley family had a little custom which had grown up among them until it had become a regular observance, by which New Year's Day was celebrated, not with presents, for these were



given at Christmas, but with beginnings. Every one in the family was expected to begin something that day and to announce his or her intention at the breakfast-table. It might be a book or a new resolution, or what not, but here was the year beginning anew and every one was to take a fresh start. The children came down to breakfast, chattering on the stairs, and each half telling the beginning that was to be announced at the table.

"Mine begins with A," said Nathan.

"Oh, Nathan's going to learn the alphabet," said Phippy. "I'll tell you what mine begins with. It begins with &."

"'Andrews's Latin Lessons!'" shouted Nathan. "Why, Phippy, you don't begin Latin yet."

"Who said it was 'Andrews's Latin Lessons'? But I guess now I know what your A is."

"Lucy shall tell her beginning first," said her mother, as they were seated at the table, after shouting Happy New Year at each other as if they were all deaf.

"I don't like to tell," said Lucy, turning red.

"Tell me, Lucy," said Ned, "and we'll have it for a secret." Lucy jumped down from her chair, and, running round to her cousin's place, drew his head down and whispered.

"Oh, that is n't fair," said Phippy. "I want to know."

"Shall I tell, Lucy?" asked Ned.

"Yes," said she, hiding her face.

"Lucy is going to make a beautiful beginning," said Ned. "She had so much trouble getting her Christmas presents ready, that she is going to begin on the next Christmas presents to-day."

"Well done, Lucy," said her father. "That's an excellent way to make Christmas last the whole year. Now, Phippy, what is your beginning?"

“Well, I’m going to begin a picture in my drawing-book. *And* iron is in the picture, and there is a girl and a boy.”

“Oh, I know that picture,” said Lucy; “the little girl and boy are building a fire in an old fire-place; but where is the iron, Phippy?”

“Right before your nose, Lucy. There is an iron and iron. I’ll



The Picture that Phippy wanted to draw.

show you.” And she ran and brought a picture-book to show Lucy.

“Why, that’s an andiron,” said Lucy.

“That’s just what I told you,” said Phippy. “It’s an iron and-iron.”

“It will be rather a hard picture for you to copy, Phippy,” said her father. “Come, Nathan, what do you mean to begin upon to-day.”

"I'm going to begin to study Latin," said he, sitting up very straight, and going on in a loud voice. "Miss Harris says I may begin on New Year's Day, and that I am to learn my letters the first day. The first letter is A."

"I think I've heard of that letter somewhere," said Ned. "Yes, I'm pretty sure I have met with it somewhere. It sounds familiar."

"Nathan, you're making fun of us," said Lucy.

"No, I'm not. I'm going to learn the alphabet to-day, and I expect to learn to spell right away."

"I'll teach you the first two letters, and then you can spell a word," said Ned. "Say a, b, Nathan, and spell it."

"A, b, ab."

"That's it. That's a word, and it means 'from.' There's a shorter way to spell it. Just leave off the b, and you have a. That means 'from' too. And there's a longer way. Add sque, that makes absque. That means 'from;' a and ab and abs and absque all mean 'from,' and they govern the ablative."

"They what?"

"They govern the ablative. Isn't Latin an easy language, Nathan? You tell that to your teacher, and she'll think you are getting on famously. Why, you know a Latin word that's spelled four different ways, and you know what it does."

"Come, Ned, my fine scholar," said his uncle, "what do you mean to begin on to-day?"

"I've begun to-day already. I began at twelve o'clock last night."

"Was that you I heard singing?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Did you hear me sing, Aunt Sarah? I was singing the old year out and the new year in. I put my head out of the window so as not to disturb anybody."

"I could n't make out the words, Ned."

"Well, no matter about last year's words. Those were ever so long ago. Would you like to hear me sing the new year's song?" And without waiting for an answer, Ned put down his knife and fork and sang in German this verse of a hymn.

Mit Preis und dank er-scheinen wir vor Dei-nen Gna-den thro - ne  
 Noch ein-mal, Va-ter, jezt vor Dir in Je-su, Dei-nem Soh-ne

Schon wie der ist von uns-rer Zeit da hin ein Jahr der

Ster-blich keit; Dank, Va-ter, Dir wir le-ben!

"Can you translate it?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir; as soon as I had sung it, I translated it, so you see I've

begun the new year with writing poetry. I think I shall write a good deal of poetry this year, my own and other people's. Here is my translation. I think I prefer the German.

“We come before Thy throne of grace  
With praise and glad thanksgiving;  
Once more, our Father, seek Thy face  
Through Jesus ever living.  
Our mortal days are moving on,  
Another of our years is gone:  
For life, O Lord, we thank Thee!”

“Where did you get the music and the German words?” asked Mrs. Bodley.

“It's one verse of a hymn that Tom taught me. He heard it in Dresden last year, in the Dom Kirche, when they had their celebration New Year's Eve. He said he went with the crowd about half past seven in the evening, and every one carried an unlighted candle. The church is an enormous one, with five galleries, and will hold four or five thousand people. It was cram jam full. There were only a few lamps lit in the lower part of the church, but as one after another lighted his candle, neighbors offering a light to each other, there grew to be an innumerable twinkle of light from floor to roof. The psalm had been printed and sheets distributed all over the house. People stood in knots reading the music, and when a signal was given, there was a mighty sound as the great congregation broke out into singing. I should like to have been there. It must have sounded a little grander than when I put my head out of the window last night.”

“Now, mamma,” said Lucy, “you must tell us your beginning.”

“Well, your father and I have one together. Can you guess it?”

“We're going to have a pony,” said Nathan.

“A new cow,” said Phippy.

“Uncle Daniel is coming,” said Lucy.

“Lucy burns,” said her mother. “Uncle Daniel is n’t coming, but we are going to begin the New Year with a new member of our household. Nurse Young, who took care of you all, is coming to-day to live with us.”

“Oh, I remember her,” said Nathan. “She was here when Lucy was born.”

“And when you were, too, Nathan,” said his mother, “and when Phippy was born. But she did not stay very long then. Now she is old and has no one to take care of her, so we thought we would take care of her, and we have asked her to come and live with us. She is to have the prophet’s chamber.” That was a little room, rarely used now, and called so because it had just about as much furniture as the prophet’s chamber mentioned in the Bible. The children were quite curious to see Nurse Young. She had been at the house every now and then, and they all remembered her pretty well. She seemed very, very old to them, but really was not quite eighty. She had been not only the children’s nurse, but the nurse of their mother before them, and Mrs. Bodley had always intended to give Nurse Young a home whenever she was willing to come and live with the Bodley family. Nurse Young was very fond of them all, but she continued to go out as nurse as long as she could. At last she grew so old that she began to think it was time to stop nursing, or rather other people said it was time; so she told Mr. and Mrs. Bodley that she would come and live with them, and she thought she could help them in little ways, and when they grew tired of her they might just tell her to go and she would go. Nurse Young was an exquisite cook. She knew how to make the

nicest wine jelly and orange marmalade imaginable, and there was one particular kind of cake, — window-cake the children called it, because it looked like a window without any glass, — which no one else, it was said, could make, for Nurse Young never would tell the receipt. She said she could n't, that she made it out of her head; and truly, all the skillful cooks who had watched her make it could never succeed in producing it perfectly, try as hard as they might. Then she did up laces beautifully, and she always wore most delicate caps, that were snowy white. Mr. Bodley used to say that Nurse Young probably bleached them by moonlight on the snow; but he was only a man, and could not possibly know how laces and caps were made white. Above all, Nurse Young had stories to tell. They were not great stories, but merely little stories about her own life, for she had come from Newfoundland, and that was wonderful enough. For except Nep, the dog, the children knew not a single thing about anything or anybody from Newfoundland, or "Noofunlan'," as Nurse Young called it. She was always ready to tell them stories about her childhood, but she really loved best to dwell on the early days of the little children about her.

"I've had two hundred and eighty-nine children," she said to Lucy the first day she came, "and they've almost all lived to grow up."

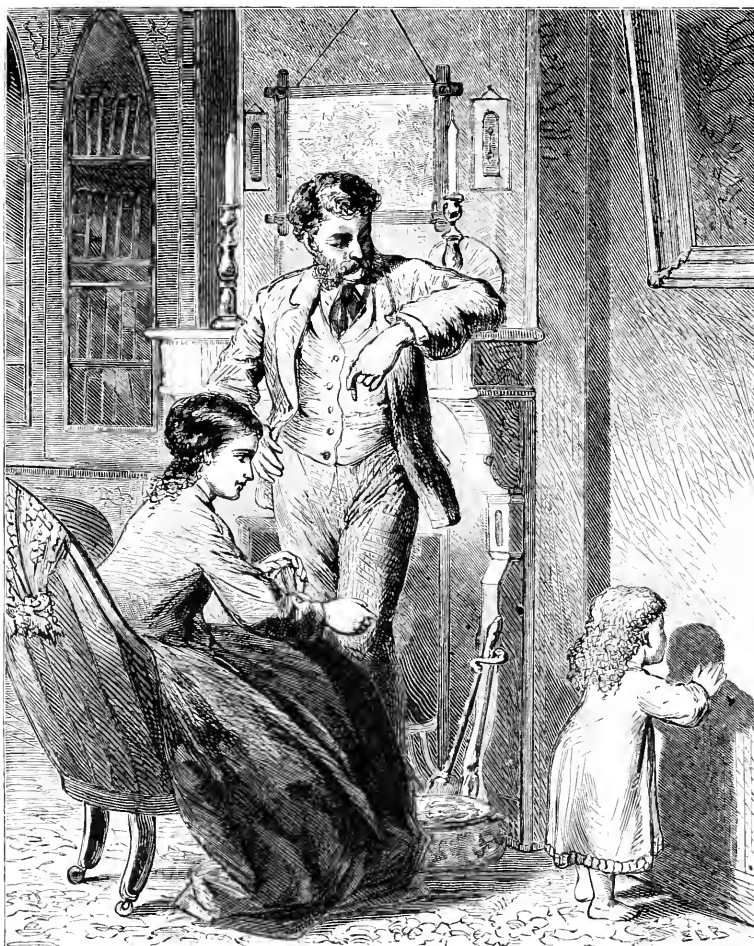
"Oh, my!" said Lucy.

"And you're one of them, dearie."

"Oh, that way!"

"Yes, let me see, I think you were the two hundred and seventy-sixth. I remember because your Grandmother Bodley was seventy-six years old the day you were born. You were a little mite of a baby, and how you have grown, to be sure. Why, I remember

when you were only so high, and you used to toddle up to the wall to kiss your shadow. You were afraid of it at first, and then you



Lucy kissing her Shadow.

came to be very fond of it, and used to call it Buffy, and play with it. Don't you remember?"



“No,” said Lucy, “I am too old to remember.”

“Well, now, that’s droll. I remember things that happened



Nurse Young beginning Work early

when I was a little bit of a girl, no bigger than you are now. I had a little brother, and I used to take care of him. I’d rock him in

the cradle, and take care of my doll at the same time. I 'spect I was a born nurse. That little boy would lie awake in his cradle till I'd think he never would go to sleep, and then, just as he was dropping off, Mouser, that was my cat, would wake up all of a sudden, and then nothing would do but Jacky must have a frolic with him. You see, where we lived we had n't many rooms, and sometimes mother and father would both be away and I liked the cat for company."

"Was that in Newfoundland?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, my dear, it was in Noofunlan', where the sea roars and there's a great deal of fog. I lived in Noofunlan' till I was fifteen years old, and then I came to Portland, and I have n't been back since."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Well, I think sometimes now I'd like to go back for a little while, but there is n't anybody there that knows me now, I suppose. All the old people I knew when I was a little girl are dead now, the Lord be praised."

"Why do you like to have them dead?"

"What is the child thinking of? The Lord be praised for taking care of them! They were a lot of old sea-captains that had a rough time fishing and sailing, but it was pleasant living there."

"Did you live in a boat?"

"In a boat? not a bit of it, but in a very comfortable house, to be sure. I remember it well, child. Many's the time I've set the table for supper in the big kitchen. I can see it now, with granny sitting in the chimney-corner, and father in a chair before the big fire, with one of the children in his lap. It was a fine old place, the kitchen was. You'd see a pickled salmon or a watered salt cod

broiling before the fire, and we kept up a roaring fire, child. It was a convenient thing to have in Noofunlan'. There were always some cuffs and trousers a-drying by it, hung from hooks, and we smoked our salmon there. Things tasted good in that kitchen."

"Was your father a fisherman?"



Interior of Nurse Young's Home.

"He was a planter, Lucy. He owned half a dozen vessels, and there was n't a cove or a rock on the coast he did n't know."

"And did you go out fishing?"

"Bless you, no, child. I stayed at home and spun and wove. You don't see a spinning-wheel nowadays very often, but my mother taught me to spin, and I remember very well the first win-

ter that I spun yarn enough to send some to St. Johns. Oh, but we had fine times when I was a girl."

"I should n't think you would have liked to have your father away from you, fishing."

"Well, we could n't help it, child ; that 's the way we lived. and



Nurse Young's Father on the Ice Raft.

father did have a hard time of it. Why, I remember once he told us how he got lost on the ice when he was a young man. He was one of a crew out after swiles, what you call seals, and the vessel got into the ice and stuck fast there. Well, the men got out and began walking over the ice to come up with the swiles, and somehow father got separated from the rest, and a good way off from

the ship. The wind began to blow, and night came on and it was as dark as a pocket. Then the ice began to move all about him. You see, father he was on a raft of ice like, and he had nothing but his gaff with him, and so he kept jumping across and poling along till he came to what they call a lake, where it was all free water, and there he was on a cake of ice. He could see nothing but the black water about him ; it was snowing hard, and he was so tired and sleepy and cold that he just picked out a comfortable place and lay down to die. I suppose he would have died fast asleep, if he had n't drifted right across the bows of the vessel, and they picked him up, and he came to. But it was a hard life they led, those fishermen."

Lucy drew a long breath. She was not sure that she wanted to hear any more such dreadful stories, and so she slipped away to the rest of the children. She found her mother with them.

"We were just going to find you, Lucy," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have a story that I mean to read to you. Sit down with Nathan and Phippy, and I will read you the story of the Broom Merchant."

But for that we must begin a new chapter.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BROOM MERCHANT.

"BROOMS are, as we know, among the imperious necessities of the epoch, and in every household there are many needful articles of the kind which must be provided from day to day, or week to week, and which one accordingly finds, everywhere, persons glad

to supply. But we pay daily less and less attention to these kindly-disposed persons, since we have been able to get the articles at their lowest possible price.

“ Formerly it was not thus. The broom merchant, the egg merchant, the sand and rotten-stone merchant were, so to speak, part of the family ; one was connected with them by very close links ; one knew the day on which each would arrive, and, according to the degree of favor they were in, one kept something nice for their dinner ; and if, by any chance, they did not come to their day, they excused themselves next time, as for a very grave fault indeed. They considered the houses which they supplied regularly as the stars of their heaven, took all the pains in the world to serve them well, and, on quitting their trade for anything more dignified, did all they could to be replaced either by their children, or by some cousin or cousine. There was thus a reciprocal bond of fidelity on one side and of trust on the other, which unhappily relaxes itself more and more every day in the measure that also family spirit disappears.

“ The broom merchant of Rychiswyl was a servant of this sort, — he whom one regrets now so often at Berne, whom everybody was so fond of at Thun. The Saturday might sooner have been left out of the almanac, than the broom-man not appear in Thun on the Saturday. He had not always been the broom-man ; for a long time he had only been the broom-boy, until, in the end, the boy had boys of his own, who put themselves to push his cart for him. His father, who had been a soldier, died early in life ; the lad was then very young, and his mother ailing. His elder sister had started in life, many a day before, barefoot, and had found a place in helping a woman who carried pine-cones and turpentine to Berne.

When she had won her spurs, that is to say, shoes and stockings, she obtained advancement, and became a governess of poultry, in a large farm near the town. Her mother and brother were greatly proud of her, and never spoke but with respect of their pretty Babeli. Hansli could not leave his mother, who had need of his help, to fetch her wood, and the like. They lived on the love of God and good people, but badly enough. One day the farmer they lodged with says to Hansli, —

“ ‘My lad, it seems to me you might try and earn something now ; you are big enough and sharp enough.’

“ ‘I wish I could,’ said Hansli, ‘but I don’t know how.’

“ ‘I know something you could do,’ said the farmer. ‘Set to work to make brooms ; there are plenty of twigs on my willows. I only get them stolen as it is, so they shall not cost you much. You shall make me two brooms a year of them.’

“ ‘Yes, that would be very fine and good,’ said Hansli, ‘but where shall I learn to make brooms ?’

“ ‘Pardieu ! there’s no such sorcery in the matter,’ said the farmer. ‘I’ll take on me the teaching of you. Many a year now I’ve made all the brooms we use on the farm myself, and I’ll back myself to make as good as are made. You’ll want few tools, and may use mine at first.’ All which was accordingly done, and God’s blessing came on the doing of it. Hansli took a fancy to the work, and the farmer was enchanted with Hansli.

“ ‘Don’t look so close ; put all in that is needful ; do the thing well, so as to show the people they may put confidence in you. Once get their trust, and your business is done,’ said always the farmer, and Hansli obeyed him.

“In the beginning, naturally, things did not go very fast ; never-

theless he placed what he could make, and as he became quicker in the making the sales increased in proportion. Soon everybody said that no one had such pretty brooms as the little merchant of Rychiswyl, and the better he succeeded, the harder he worked. His mother visibly recovered liking for life. 'Now the battle 's won,' said she. 'As soon as one can gain one's bread honorably, one has the right to enjoy one's self, and what can one want more?' Always, from that time, she had, every day, as much as she liked to eat; nay, even every day there remained something over for the next, and she could have as much bread as she liked. Indeed, Hansli very often brought her even a little white bread back from the town, whereupon how happy did she not feel herself, and how she thanked God for having kept so many good things for her old days.

"On the contrary now, for a little while Hansli was looking cross and provoked. Soon he began actually to grumble. 'Things could not go on much longer that way; he could not put up with it.' When the farmer at last set himself to find out what that meant, Hansli declared to him that he had too many brooms to carry, and could not carry them; and that even when the miller took them on his cart, it was very inconvenient, and that he absolutely wanted a cart of his own, but he had n't any money to buy one, and did n't know anybody who was likely to lend him any. 'You are a gaby,' said the peasant. 'Look you, I won't have you become one of those people who think a thing's done as soon as they've dreamt it. That's the way one spends one's money to make the fish go into other people's nets. You want to buy a cart, do you? Why don't you make one yourself?' Hansli put himself to stare at the farmer with his mouth open, and great eyes. 'Yes, make it your-



self; you will manage it, if you make up your mind,' went on the farmer. 'You can chip wood well enough, and the wood won't cost you much; what I have n't, another peasant will have, and there must be old iron about, plenty, in the lumber-room. I believe there's even an old cart somewhere, which you can have to look at, or to use, if you like. Winter will be here soon; set yourself to work, and by the spring all will be done, and you won't have spent a three-penny piece, for you may pay the smith, too, with brooms, or find a way of doing without him, who knows?'

"Hansli began to open his eyes again. 'I make a cart? But however shall I? I never made one.' 'Gaby!' answered the farmer, 'one must make everything once the first time. Take courage, and it's half done. If people took courage solidly, there are many now carrying the beggar's wallet who would have money up to their ears, and good metal, too.' Hansli was on the point of asking if the peasant had lost his head. Nevertheless, he finished by biting at the notion, and entering into it, little by little, as a child into cold water. The peasant came, now and then, to help him; and in spring the new cart was ready in such sort that on Easter Tuesday Hansli pushed it for the first time to Berne, and the following Saturday to Thun, also for the first time. The joy and pride that his new cart gave him, it is difficult to form anything like a notion of. If anybody had proposed to give him the Easter ox for it, that they had promenaded at Berne the evening before, and which weighed well its twenty-five quintals, he would n't have heard of such a thing. It seemed to him that everybody stopped as they passed, to look at his cart; and whenever he got a chance he put himself to explain at length what advantages that cart had over every other cart that had yet been seen in the world. He asserted very gravely

that it went of itself, except only at the hills, where it was necessary to give it a touch of the hand. A cook-maid said to him that she would not have thought him so clever; and that if ever she wanted a cart, she would give him her custom. That cook-maid, always afterwards, when she bought a fresh supply of brooms, had a present of two little ones into the bargain, to sweep into the corners of the hearth with,—things which are very convenient to maids who like to have everything clean even into the corners, and who always wash their cheeks to behind their ears. It is true that maids of this sort are thin-sprinkled enough.

“From this moment Hansli began to take good heart to his work; his cart was for him his farm; he worked with real joy, and joy in getting anything done is, compared to ill-humor, what a sharp hatchet is to a rusty one in cutting wood. The farmers of Rychiswyl were delighted with the boy. There was n’t one of them who did n’t say, ‘When you want twigs, you’ve only to take them in my field, but don’t damage the trees, and think of the wife sometimes; women use so many brooms in a year that the devil could n’t serve them.’ Hansli did not fail; also was he in great favor with all the farm-mistresses. They never had been in the way of setting any money aside for buying brooms; they ordered their husbands to provide them, but one knows how things go, that way. Men are often too lazy to make shavings, how much less brooms; so the women were often in a perfect famine of brooms, and the peace of the household had greatly to suffer for it. But now, Hansli was there before one had time to think, and it was very seldom that a farm-mistress was obliged to say to him, ‘Hansli, don’t forget us; we’re at our last broom.’ Besides the convenience of this, Hansli’s brooms were superb; very different from the wretched

things which one's grumbling husband tied up loose, or as rough and ragged as if they had been made of oat-straw. Of course, in these houses Hansli gave his brooms for nothing; yet they were not the worst placed pieces of his stock, for, not to speak of the twigs given him gratis, all the year round he was continually getting little presents in bread and milk, and such kind of things, which a farm-mistress has always under her hand, and which she gives without looking too close. Also, rarely one churned butter without saying to him, 'Hansli, we beat butter to-morrow; if you like to bring a pot, you shall have some.'

"And as for fruit, he had more than he could eat of it; so that it could not fail, things going on in this way, that Hans should prosper, being besides thoroughly economical. If he spent as much as a three-penny piece on the day he went to the town, it was the end of the world. In the morning his mother took good care he had a good breakfast, after which he took also something in his pocket, without counting that sometimes here and sometimes there one gave him a morsel in the kitchens where he was well known; and finally he did n't imagine that he ought always to have something to eat the moment he had a mind to it. And then Hansli always knew that as soon as he got home there would be enough to eat; his mother saw faithfully to that. She knew the difference it makes whether a man finds something ready to eat when he comes in, or not. He who knows there will be something at home does not stop in the taverns; he arrives with an empty stomach, and furnishes it, highly pleased with all about him. But if he usually finds nothing ready when at home, he stops on the road, comes in when he has had enough, or too much, and grumbles right and left.

"Hansli was not avaricious, but economical. For things really

useful and fit he did not look at the money. In all matters of food and clothes, he wished his mother to be thoroughly at ease. He made a good bed for himself, and when he had saved enough to buy a knife or a good tool, he was quite up in the air. He himself dressed well, not expensively, but solidly. Any one with a good eye knows, quickly enough, at the sight of houses or of people, whether they are going up or down. As for Hansli, it was easy to see he was on his way up; not that he ever put on anything fine, but by his cleanliness and the careful look of his things; so everybody liked to see him, and was very glad to know that he prospered thus, not by fraud, but by work. With all that he never forgot his prayers. On Sunday he made no brooms: in the morning he went to the sermon, and in the afternoon he read a chapter of the Bible to his mother, whose sight was now failing. After that, he gave himself a personal treat. This treat consisted in bringing out all his money, counting it, looking at it, and calculating how much it had increased, and how much it would yet increase, etc., etc. In that money there were some very pretty pieces, — above all, pretty white pieces. Hansli was very strong in exchanges; he took small money willingly enough, but never kept it long; it seemed always to him that the wind got into it, and carried it off too quickly. The new white pieces gave him an extreme pleasure; above all, the fine dollars of Berne, with the bear, and the superb Swiss of old time. When he had managed to catch one of these, it made him happy for many days.

“Nevertheless he had also his bad days. It was always a bad day for him when he lost a customer, or had counted on placing a new dozen of brooms anywhere, and found himself briskly sent from the door with ‘We’ve got all we want.’ At first Hansli could not

understand the cause of such rebuffs, not knowing that there are people who change their cook as often as their shirt, sometimes oftener, and that he could n't expect new cooks to know him at first sight. He asked himself then, with surprise, what he could have failed in, — whether his brooms had come undone, or whether anybody had spoken ill of him. He took that much to heart, and would plague himself all night to find out the real cause. But soon he took the thing more coolly; and even when a cook who knew him very well sent him about his business, he thought to himself, 'Bah! Cooks are human creatures, like other people, and when master or mistress has been rough with them, because they've put too much pepper in the soup or too much salt in the sauce, or when their lover is gone off to Pepperland, the poor girls have well the right to quarrel with somebody else.' Nevertheless the course of time must needs bring him some worse days still, which he never got himself to take coolly. He knew now, personally, very nearly all his trees; he had indeed given, for himself alone, names to his willows, and some other particular trees, as Lizzie, Little Mary-Anne, Rosie, and so on. These trees kept him in joy all the year round, and he divided very carefully the pleasure of gathering their twigs. He treated the most beautiful with great delicacy, and carried the brooms of them to his best customers. It is true to say, also, that these were always master-brooms. But when he arrived thus, all joyous, at his willows, and found his Lizzie or his Rosie all cut and torn from top to bottom, his heart was so strained that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his blood became so hot that one could have lighted matches at it. That made him unhappy for a length of time; he could not swallow it, and all he asked was that the thief might fall into his grip, not for the value of the twigs,

but because his trees had been hurt. If Hansli was not tall, still he knew how to use his limbs and his strength, and he felt his heart full of courage. On that point he absolutely would not obey his mother, who begged him for the love of God not to meddle with people who might kill him or do him some grievous harm. But Hansli took no heed of all that. He lay in wait and spied until he caught somebody. Then there were blows and formidable battles in the midst of the solitary trees. Sometimes Hansli got the better; sometimes he came home all in disorder. But at the worst he gained at least this, that thenceforward one let his willows more and more alone, as happens always when a thing is defended with valor and perseverance. What is the use of putting one's self in the way of blows, when one can get things somewhere else without danger? So the Rychiswyl farmers were enchanted with their courageous little garde-champêtre, and if one or the other saw him with his hair pulled, they failed not to say, 'Never mind, Hansli, he will have had his dance all the same. Tell me the next time you see anything; I'll go with you, and we'll cure him of his taste for brooms.' Whereupon Hansli would tell him when he saw anybody about that should not be. The peasant kept himself hid; Hansli began the attack; the adversary, thinking himself strongest, waited for him; once the thief seized, the peasant showed himself, and all was said. Then the marauder would have got away, if he could, but Hansli never let go till he had been beaten as was fitting.

"This was a very efficacious remedy against the switch-stealers, and Little Mary-Anne and Rosie remained in perfect security in the midst of the loneliest fields. Thus Hansli passed some years without perceiving it, and without imagining that things could ever change. A week passed as the hand went round the clock, he

did n't know how. Tuesday, market-day at Berne, was there before he could think about it, and Tuesday was no sooner passed than Saturday was there, and he had to go to Thun, whether he would or no, for how could the Thun people get on without him? Between times he had enough to do to prepare his cart-load, and to content his customers; that is to say, those of them that pleased him. Our Hansli was a man, and every man, when his position permits it, has his caprices of liking and disliking. Whenever one had trod on his toes, one must have been very clever afterwards to get the least twig of a broom from him. The parson's wife, for instance, could n't have got one if she had paid for it twice over. It was no use sending to him; every time she did, he said he was very sorry, but he had n't a broom left that would suit her. That was because she had one day said to him that he was just like other people, and contented himself with putting a few long twigs all round, and then bad ones in the middle.

“ ‘Then you may as well get your brooms from somebody else,’ said he; and he held to it, too; so well that the lady died without ever having been able to get the shadow of a broom from him. One Tuesday he was going to Berne with an enormous cartful of his prettiest brooms, all gathered from his favorite trees, that is to say, Rosie, Little Mary-Anne, and company. He was pulling with all his strength, and greatly astonished to find that his cart did n't go of itself, as it did at first; that it really pulled too hard, and that something must be wrong with it. At every moment he was obliged to stop to take breath and wipe his forehead. ‘If only I was at the top of the hill of Stalden,’ said he. He had stopped thus in the little wood of Muri, close to the bench that the women rest their baskets on. Upon the bench sat a young girl, holding a

little bundle beside her, and weeping hot tears. Hansli, who had a kind heart, asked her what she was crying for.

“The young girl recounted to him that she was obliged to go into the town, and that she was so frightened she scarcely dared; that her father was a shoemaker, and that all his best customers were in the town; that for a long time she had carried her bundle of shoes in on market days, and that nothing had ever happened to her. But behold, there had arrived in the town a new gendarme, very cross, who had already tormented her every Tuesday she had come, for some time back, and threatened her, if she came again, to take her shoes from her and put her in prison. She had begged her father not to send her any more, but her father was as severe as a Prussian soldier, and had ordered her to ‘go in, always, and if anybody hurt her, it was with him they would have affairs;’ but what would that help her? She was just as much afraid of the gendarme as before.

“Hansli felt himself touched with compassion; above all, on account of the confidence the young girl had had in telling him all this, — that which certainly she would not have done to everybody. ‘But she has seen at once that I am not a bad fellow, and that I have a kind heart,’ thought he. Poor Hansli! But after all, it is faith which saves, people say.

“‘Well,’ said Hansli, ‘I’ll help you; give me your bag; I’ll put it among my brooms, and nobody will see it. Everybody knows *me*. Not a soul will think I’ve got your shoes underneath there. You’ve only to tell me where to leave them, or indeed where to stop for you, if you like. You can follow a little way off; nobody will think we have anything to do with each other.’ The young girl made no compliments.



“ ‘ You are really very good,’ said she, with a more serene face. She brought her packet, and Hans hid it so nicely that a cat could n’t have seen it. ‘ Shall I push or help you to pull ? ’ asked the young girl, as if it had been a matter of course that she should also do her part in the work.

“ ‘ As you like best, though you need n’t mind ; it is n’t a pair or two of shoes that will make my cart much heavier.’ The young girl began by pushing, but that did not last long. Presently she found herself in front, pulling also by the pole.

“ ‘ It seems to me that the cart goes better so,’ said she. As one ought to suppose, she pulled with all her strength ; that which nevertheless did not put her out of breath, nor hinder her from relating all she had in her head or heart. They got to the top of the hill of Stalden without Hansli’s knowing how that had happened ; the long alley seemed to have shortened itself by half. There one made one’s dispositions. The young girl stepped behind, while Hansli, with her bag and his brooms, entered the town without the least difficulty, where he remitted her packet to the young girl, also without any accident ; but they had scarcely time to say a word to each other before the press of people, cattle, and vehicles separated them. Hansli had to look after his cart, lest it should be knocked to bits, and so ended the acquaintanceship for that day. This vexed Hansli not a little ; howbeit, he did n’t think long about it. We cannot (more’s the pity) affirm that the young girl had made an ineffaceable impression upon him, and all the less, that she was not altogether made for producing ineffaceable impressions. She was a stunted little girl with a broad face. That which she had of best was a good heart and an indefatigable ardor for work ; but those are things which, externally, are not very remarkable,

and many people don't take much notice of them. Nevertheless, the next Tuesday, when Hansli saw himself at his cart again, he found it extremely heavy.

“‘I would n't have believed,’ said he to himself, ‘what a difference there is between two pulling, and one; will she be there again, I wonder,’ thought he, as he came near the little wood of Muri. ‘I would take her bag very willingly, if she would help me to pull. Also, the road is nowhere so ugly as between here and the town.’ And behold that it precisely happened that the young girl was sitting there upon the same bench, all the same as eight days before, only with the difference that she was not crying.

“‘Have you got anything for me to carry to-day?’ asked Hansli, who found his cart at once became a great deal lighter at the sight of the young girl.

“‘It is not only for that that I have waited,’ answered she; ‘even if I had had nothing to carry to the town, I should have come, all the same; for, eight days ago, I was n't able to thank you, nor to ask if that cost anything.’

“‘A fine question!’ said Hansli. ‘Why, you served me for a second donkey, and yet I never asked how much I owed you for helping me to pull!’ So, as all that went of itself, the young girl brought her bundle, and Hansli hid it, and she went to put herself at the pole, as if she had known it all by heart. ‘I had got a little way from home,’ said she, ‘before it came into my head that I ought to have brought a cord to tie to the cart behind, and that would have gone better; but another time, if I return, I won't forget.’

“This association for mutual help found itself then established, without any long diplomatic debates, and in the most simple manner. And that day it chanced that they were also able to come

back together as far as the place where their roads parted ; all the same, they were so prudent as not to show themselves together before the gendarmes at the town gates.

“ And now for some time Hansli’s mother had been quite enchanted with her son. It seemed to her he was more gay, she said. He whistled and sang, now, all the blessed day, and tricked himself up, as if he never could have done. Only just the other day he had bought a great coat of drugget, in which he had nearly the air of a real counselor. But she could not find any fault with him for all that ; he was so good to her that certainly the good God must reward him ; as for herself, she was in no way of doing it, but could do nothing but pray for him. ‘ Not that you are to think,’ said she, ‘ that he puts everything into his clothes ; he has some money too. If God spares his life, I’ll wager that one day he’ll come to have a cow ; he has been talking of a goat ever so long ; but it’s not likely I shall be spared to see it. And, after all, I don’t pretend to be sure it will ever be.’

“ ‘ Mother,’ said Hans one day, ‘ I don’t know how it is, but either the cart gets heavier, or I am not so strong as I was ; for some time I have been scarcely able to manage it. It is getting really too much for me, especially on the Berne road, where there are so many hills.’

“ ‘ I dare say,’ said the mother. ‘ Why do you go on loading it more every day ? I’ve been fretting about you many a time ; for one always suffers for over-work when one gets old. But you must take care. Put a dozen or two of brooms less on it, and it will roll again all right.’

“ ‘ That’s impossible, mother. I never have enough as it is, and I have n’t time to go to Berne twice a week.’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, suppose you got a donkey. I ’ve heard say that they are the most convenient beasts in the world ; they cost almost nothing, eat almost nothing, and anything one likes to give them ; and that ’s as strong as a horse, without counting that one can make something of the milk, — not that I want any, but one may just mention it.’

“ ‘ No, mother,’ said Hansli, ‘ they ’re as self-willed as devils. Sometimes one can’t get them to do anything at all, and then, what should I do with a donkey the other five days of the week ? No, mother, I was thinking of a wife, — hey, what say you ? ’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, I think a goat or a donkey would be much better. A wife ? what sort of idea is that that has come into your head ? What would you do with a wife ? ’

“ ‘ Do ? ’ said Hansli, ‘ what other people do, I suppose ; and then I thought she would help me to draw the cart, which goes ever so much better with another hand, without counting that she could plant potatoes between times, and help me to make my brooms, which I could n’t get a goat or a donkey to do.’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, do you think to find one, then, who will help you to draw the cart, and will be clever enough to do all that ? ’ asked the mother, searchingly.

“ ‘ Oh, mother, there ’s one who has helped me already often with the cart,’ said Hansli, ‘ and who would be good for a great deal besides ; but as to whether she would marry me or not, I don’t know, for I have n’t asked her. I thought that I would tell you first.’

“ ‘ You rogue of a boy, what ’s that you tell me there ? I don’t understand a word of it,’ cried the mother. ‘ You, too ! — are you also like that ? The good God Himself might have told me, and I

would n't have believed Him. What's that you say? You've got a girl to help you to pull the cart? A pretty business to engage her for! Ah, well, trust men after this!'

"Thereupon Hansli put himself to recount the history, and how that had happened quite by chance, and how that girl was just expressly made for him: a girl as neat as a clock, — not showy, not extravagant, — and who would draw the cart better even than a cow could. 'But I have n't spoken to her of anything, however. All the same, I think I'm not disagreeable to her. Indeed, she has said to me once or twice that she was n't in a hurry to marry, but if she could manage it so as not to be worse off than she was now, she would n't be long making up her mind. She knows, for that matter, very well also why she is in the world. Her little brothers and sisters are growing up after her, and she knows well how things go, and how the youngest are always made the most of, for one never thinks of thanking the elder ones for the trouble they've had in bringing them up.'

"All that did n't much displease the mother, and the more she ruminated over these unexpected matters, the more it all seemed to her very proper. Then she put herself to make inquiries, and learned that nobody knew the least harm of the girl. They told her she did all she could to help her parents, but that with the best they could do, there would n't be much to fish for. Ah, well, it's all the better, thought she; for then neither of them can have much to say to the other.

"The next Tuesday, while Hansli was getting his cart ready, his mother said to him, —

"' Well, speak to that girl; if she consents, so will I; but I can't

run after her. Tell her to come here on Sunday, that I may see her, and at least we can talk a little. If she is willing to be nice, it will all go very well. It must happen some time or other, I suppose.'

"'But, mother, it isn't written anywhere that it must happen, whether or no; and if it does n't suit you, nothing hinders me from leaving it all alone.'

"'Nonsense, child, don't be a goose. Hasten thee to set out; and say to that girl, that if she likes to be my daughter-in-law, I'll take her, and be very well pleased.' Hansli set out and found the young girl. Once that they were pulling together, he at his pole, and she at her cord, Hansli put himself to say: —

"'That certainly goes as quick again when there are thus two cattle at the same cart. Last Saturday I went to Thun by myself, and dragged all the breath out of my body.'

"'Yes, I've often thought,' said the young girl, 'that it was very foolish of you not to get somebody to help you; all the business would go twice as easily, and you would gain twice as much.'

"'What would you have?' said Hansli. 'Sometimes one thinks too soon of a thing, sometimes too late: one's always mortal. But now it really seems to me that I should like to have somebody for a help; if you were of the same mind, you would be just the good thing for me. If that suits you, I'll marry you.'

"'Well, why not, if you don't think me too ugly nor too poor?' answered the young girl. 'Once you've got me it will be too late to despise me. As for me, I could scarcely fall in with a better chance. One always gets a husband, — but — of what sort? You are quite good enough for me: you take care of your affairs, and I don't think you'll treat a wife like a dog.'

“ ‘My faith, she will be as much master as I ; if she is not pleased that way, I don’t know what more to do,’ said Hansli. ‘And for other matters, I don’t think you ’ll be worse off with me than you have been at home. If that suits you, come to see us on Sunday. It’s my mother who told me to ask you, and to say that if you liked to be her daughter-in-law, she would be very well pleased.’

“ ‘Liked ? But what could I want more ? I am used to submit myself, and take things as they come, — worse to-day, better to-morrow, sometimes more sour, sometimes less. I never have thought that a hard word made a hole in me, else by this time I should n’t have had a bit of skin left as big as a kreutzer. But, all the same, I must tell my people, as the custom is. For the rest, they won’t give themselves any trouble about the matter. There are enough of us in the house ; if any one likes to go, nobody will stop them.’

“And so that was what happened. On Sunday the young girl really appeared at Rychiswyl. Hansli had given her very clear directions ; nor had she to ask long before she was told where the broom-seller lived. The mother made her pass a good examination upon the garden and the kitchen, and would know what book of prayers she used, and whether she could read in the New Testament, and also in the Bible, for it was very bad for the children, and it was always they who suffered, if the mother did n’t know enough for that, said the old woman. The girl pleased her and the affair was concluded.

“ ‘You won’t have a beauty there,’ said she to Hansli, before the young girl, ‘nor much to crow about in what she has got. But all that is of no consequence. It isn’t beauty that makes the pot boil, and as for money, there’s many a man who would n’t marry

a girl unless she was rich, who has had to pay his father-in-law's debts in the end. When one has health and work in one's arms, one gets along always. I suppose,' turning to the girl, 'you have got two good chemises and two gowns, so that you won't be the same on Sunday and work-days?'

" 'Oh yes,' said the young girl; 'you need n't give yourself any trouble about that. I've one chemise quite new, and two good ones besides, — and four others, which in truth are rather ragged. But my mother said I should have another, and my father, that he would make me my wedding shoes, and they should cost me nothing. And with that I've a very nice god-mother, who is sure to give me something fine, — perhaps a saucepan, or a frying-stove: who knows? Without counting that perhaps I shall inherit something from her some day. She has some children, indeed, but they may die.'

" Perfectly satisfied on both sides, but especially the girl, to whom Hansli's house, so perfectly kept in order, appeared a palace in comparison with her own home, full of children and scraps of leather, they separated, soon to meet again and quit each other no more. As no soul made the slightest objection, and the preparations were easy, seeing that new shoes and a new chemise are soon stitched together, within a month Hansli was no more alone on his way to Thun. And the old cart went again as well as ever."



## CHAPTER IV.

## EGGS FOR SALE.

THERE were a good many signs out of doors and in, that spring had come. House-cleaning was going on, and Mrs. Bodley and Nurse Young were forever overhauling trunks and airing things or putting away other things. Martin, with Nathan to help him, got the paths in order, and the garden beds were spaded and raked. Lucy was at work in her garden, helping Martin, or perhaps Martin was helping her. The sweet-briers put forth their pleasant fragrance, and it was good once more to see the little Jersey cow tied to a crowbar on the lawn, and cropping the short, sweet grass. Nathan eyed her occasionally and had a longing to vault over her, but he remembered how, when he had once tried it, the cow suddenly rose, and he could not be quite sure that she would not get up again.

He stood thus looking at her one afternoon as his father came walking up the avenue that led to the house.

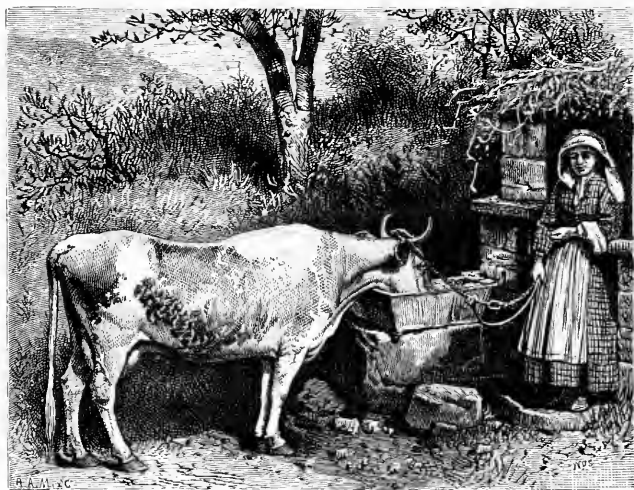
“I wish we had a deer out there, papa,” said he.

“Yes, a deer would be very pretty, but no prettier, I think, than our little Jersey. I saw the Jersey cows when I was in the Isle of Jersey, Nathan, and there the women take a great deal of the care of them. They fasten them just as ours is fastened, but to spikes, usually, and not to great crowbars; every three hours or so the cows are moved to another spot, and it was a very pretty sight to see a woman leading along a little cow to water.”

“Martin lets me water our cow sometimes, but he won’t let me milk her.”

“When you are a little older, you shall milk her.”

But Nathan was old enough, at any rate, to look after his hens. He still took care of a pig, successor to the one which he bravely sacrificed a couple of years before, at Thanksgiving, but he found a special pleasure in watching the hens, which he and Phippy and Lucy owned in common. The hen-house was built with a cellar to it, and in that cellar the biddies could always scratch to their



The Jersey Cow at Home.

hearts' content. There was a yard, too, with an old apple-tree, which dropped a few shriveled apples in the Fall, and this yard looked as if the hens, chickens, and cocks had played base-ball in it from time immemorial. Sometimes in the spring the children let the hens out, and Phippy would lie on an old fence, for what she said was hours at a time, watching her little Speckle scratch the ground, and go clucking about.

The hens were knowing little things. Sometimes they would

wander in a very careless sort of way, scratching, picking up worms, and sitting in the dust, when one would stroll away as if she were only going round the corner, and, presto! she would be missing altogether, and Nathan and Phippy would wonder what had become of her. She would not come back into the hen-house with the rest, and yet every once in a while she would be seen. One day as Nathan and Phippy were playing about, Martin was watering the



Phippy and her Speckle.

horse at the trough, and they stood watching him. The hens and cocks had been let out for a stroll, and the children were saying to Martin that they had n't seen the old gray hen for some time.

"She knows a thing or two," said Martin; "she has n't lived for nothing. I rather guess old Bottom's in the secret, too. He knows what she's about when he is eating his hay." At this Mr. Bottom raised his head from the trough and turned round to Nathan. Nathan declared he winked. He raised his upper lip at any rate. "See, he's laughing about it," said Martin.

“Let’s look in the loft,” said Phippy, and the children rushed into the barn. There was an upright ladder which led up to the loft, and they scrambled up on the hay-mow. Cluck, cluck, cluck! went the old hen, and flew screaming down, calling to her aid the cock that was on the barn floor. The children peered about and found a nest full of eggs.

“Oh, here’s a find!” cried Nathan. “The old hen can’t hide from us, can she, Phippy? You just scramble down the ladder again, and I’ll hand you the eggs.”

“Put them in your hat, Nathan,” said Phippy, and he pulled off his soft hat, and thus made a basket which he filled with eggs and passed down to Phippy.

“Hullo!” cried Martin, as they passed him on the way to the house; “you found ’em, did you? What are you carrying ’em in for? goin’ to have dropped chickens on toast?” Phippy looked at Nathan, and a sudden idea occurred to her.

“Nathan, I do believe the old gray hen was setting!”

“Settin’,” said Martin; “of course she was; she’s hid all those eggs, and has been settin’ on ’em for a week.”

“Put them right back,” said Phippy.

“T won’t do any good now,” said Martin. “The old hen won’t set on ’em again, I don’t believe.” Nevertheless the children carried them back, but the hen was vexed. Hens, for all they seem so meek, are willful little things, and this hen would have nothing more to do with the eggs that she had so carefully laid. After that the children took care not to disturb any hen that seemed to wish for privacy. Nathan especially grew very particular. He had read in some paper how profitable hens were, and he began to wonder if he could n’t make some money out of the hens. If they would lay



FINDING EGGS.



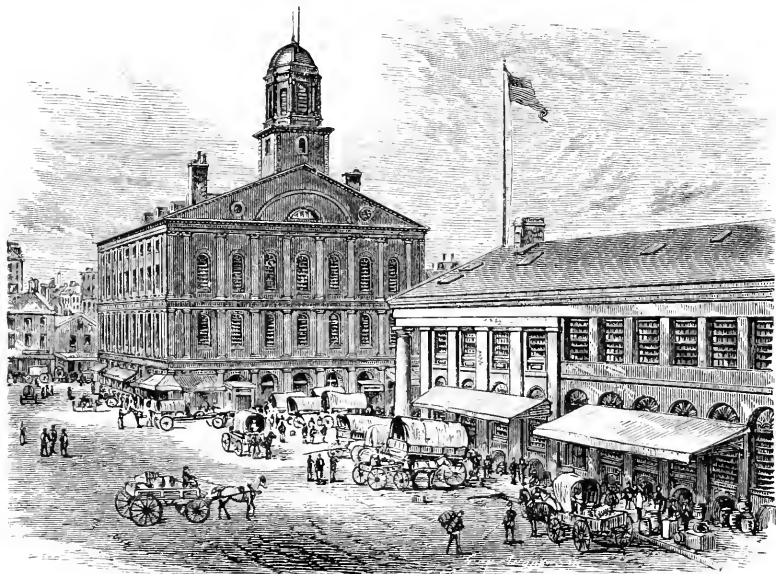
eggs and then hatch chickens, and those chickens should lay eggs, and chickens should be hatched from them — why, there were fifteen eggs in the nest that they found, and if all these had hatched out, and each chicken laid fifteen eggs, and they were hatched out — Nathan did such sums as these, and forgot to reckon the cocks that might be born and the chickens that might not be born at all, till his little head was full of hens, chickens, and eggs. There was a boy at his school named Christopher Pearce, or Chrif, as he was always called. He lived a good way from the Bodleys, and Nathan had never been to his house. This boy also kept hens, and one day he was bragging about the hens he meant to have.

“There’s a man lives near me,” he said, “who has a new kind of hen, and the eggs are so big that they fetch a dollar a dozen in Faneuil Hall Market. Why, Nathan, they’re as big — as big, each one, as — as — my fist. He says you can’t get but four into a quart measure. He’s going to let me have half a dozen, and I’m going to put them with some other eggs under my speckled hen. She’s just going to set.”

“Will you let me have some?” asked Nathan eagerly.

“Yes, I’ll sell you some when my hens begin to lay.” This conversation took place at recess, and when Nathan went in to school, and was set to work on his arithmetic, he was so excited over Chrif’s story that he spent most of his time reckoning eggs at a dollar a dozen. It seemed to him that he should grow enormously rich very fast, and his heart beat as he thought that possibly he could earn enough to buy a pony. The next day was Wednesday, and there was no school in the afternoon. Nathan often went alone to Boston now, he had grown to be so big a boy, and with his head full of a scheme, he got permission to go to town. He carried with

him a pencil and a little book which he had made by folding two sheets of paper several times and stitching the little sheets together. He had made up his mind to lose no time, but get orders for his eggs as soon as possible, so as to be all ready, and to secure the market, as he heard older people say. He went first to Faneuil Hall and Quincy Markets. He had often been there with his father,



Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market.

and liked few things better than to walk slowly down the inside of the long market and see the shopkeepers, each in his stall, with long white, or once white, gowns, eating apples, selling their provisions, or talking with their customers, and to pass round outside, where the carts stood and a lively business was done on the sidewalks. There were ever so many cellar-shops, entered from the sidewalk, where eggs, butter, and cheese were sold; the shopkeepers stood in front



with their hands in their pockets, good-natured, red-cheeked fellows, and Nathan, a little excited, but brave enough, went up to the first one, and said, —

“Do you keep this store?”

“Yes, sir, I do. What can I sell you?”

“I don’t want to buy anything,” said Nathan, “I want to sell you some eggs.”

“Oh, I don’t want any more eggs,” he said, good-naturedly. “Look at all these eggs here.”

“But these are very different eggs,” persisted Nathan. “They’re worth a dollar a dozen.”

“Whew!” whistled the man. “That’s too much for me. Try somebody else, sonny.” Nathan walked off, a little crestfallen, and tried another man at the other end of the market.

“I want to sell some eggs.”

“I’ll buy all you’ve got.”

“But I have n’t got them with me,” said Nathan, getting out his little book and pencil. “I’ll put your name down. How many dozen do you want?”

“I don’t buy eggs till I see them,” said the man.

“Well, I’ll bring them in,” said Nathan, hurrying off, for he thought the man looked rather sharp at him. He tried one man more, however.

“Do you want to order any eggs?” he asked. “I’ve got a particular kind I want to sell.”

“What kind?”

“I don’t know the name of the breed, but the eggs are enormous. Why, you can’t get more than four in a quart.”

“What’s that? what’s that?” said the man. “I say, Merrill,

step this way. Here's a youngster says he has some eggs for sale, two to a pint," and he winked with a prodigious wink. Nathan had his book and pencil in his hand. He was a little frightened, but he kept on.

"They sell for a dollar a dozen," he said.

"My eyes!" said the man. "There's an egg for you, Merrill: eight and a third cents apiece, a shilling a pint, two shillings a quart, say ten dollars a bushel."

"Ten dollars and sixty-six cents a bushel," corrected Nathan, who had done the sum before.

"Oh, you must let us off a little on a bushel," and the man gave another prodigious wink at Merrill. "I must see those eggs. I must see the hens that lay them. What's your name? Where'd ye live?" and the man whipped out his memorandum-book. Nathan was a good deal alarmed. He hesitated. He reflected that the eggs were not yet laid for him.

"I have n't got them yet," said he. "But you can see them by going to Mr. Pearce's in West Roxbury. Chrif Pearce has some." The man leaned up against a post and laughed till the tears ran down his face, and he wiped them off with his smock sleeve.

"You need n't laugh," said Nathan, growing indignant. "I don't see what there is to laugh about."

"I say, Merrill," said the man. "Here's my chickens coming back to roost. Why, sonny, those are my hens that lay those eggs. It's a little of a stretcher, but I'm going to give half a dozen to Chrif, and he's going to hatch 'em if he can." He laughed again, holding his sides. "That story's grown a little. I told Chrif I'd let him have half a dozen. They are rather big, and perhaps if you pack 'em in a good deal of sawdust you can make four go to a



MARTIN, HEN, AND ANOTHER BOY, CUTTING SPRING WHISTLES.



quart. A dollar a dozen! Well, I've seen eggs pretty high, and perhaps I might sell a dozen for a dollar, just for seed, you know," and he winked again. "And yourn ain't laid yet!" Then he laughed once more, and Merrill laughed, and their laugh was so good-natured that Nathan himself laughed a little. For all that, he was somewhat discomfited, and he walked home thinking rather worse of Chrif Pearce than he had thought before. He found Martin cutting something with his jackknife, as he stood in the stable door-way.

"Where've you been, Nathan?" asked Martin. "I was just going to whistle for you," and he put a willow whistle to his mouth.

"Oh, did you make that?" said Nathan, who had never seen one before.

"To be sure. I found a willow down in the hollow, by the old well, and I made that whistle. 'Tain't a whole band, but it's almost a flute. I was just going to make a stop to it."

"But I don't want it to stop," said Nathan.

"Oh, not that kind. You let me have it again, and I'll show you." So Martin proceeded to bore a little hole in the whistle, for a stop. "Hen and me made whistles many a time. All the boys knew how to make whistles. I thought you knew how."

"I can make a bow out of a barberry bush," said Nathan.

"But it won't bend in the middle," said Martin. "I've tried that many a time." Just then Lucy came to where they were.

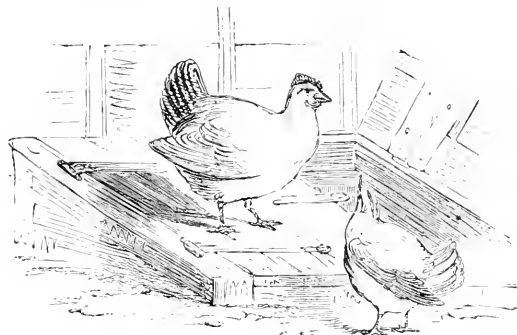
"Where have you been, Nathan?" she asked. "I have been looking everywhere for you. I've had a letter. It's a story from Cousin Ned, and I want you to come and hear it. Mamma is going to read it aloud to us." Nathan followed her up into the great play-room, where Phippy and her mother were already seated.

Cousin Ned was away now at college, and every once in a while he sent a letter or a story to his little cousins. He was, in fact, hoping some day to write books, and this was the way he practised. His story was only a playful little one, written to amuse Lucy, but as it was in writing and was sent expressly to her, she thought more of it than of better stories in print.

#### HENNY PENNY'S QUESTION.

There was a busy time in the barn-yard. A whole quart of Indian meal mixed with water had been turned out into two or three pans and on pieces of board. Nathan had scraped the tin measure with a stick and drummed on the bottom, so that every particle might be given out, and all the hens and cocks and chickens were pecking at the Indian meal and eating it as fast as possible. They did not know when they should get any more. They never knew where their breakfast was to come from, but all at once a little boy would appear and give them some Indian meal. He was not indeed a little boy to them, but a wonderful person, entirely

different from them, and if he only moved his arms up and down they all fled in every direction.



Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.

There were two, however, who were not with the rest. These were Henny Penny and Cocky Locky. Not far away was the cellar hatch-

way, and Cocky-Locky stood upon it, while Henny Penny was on the ground looking up to him.

“Now, Henny, I’m ready. Ask your question. We shan’t get any of that Indian meal unless you are pretty quick.”

“It was very good of you, Cocky, to come off here, where no one could hear. I’m afraid you will think it a foolish question, but it has been troubling me for some time. So I thought I would ask you.”

“Ask away,” said Cocky Locky, walking up and down. “I’m ready.”

“I don’t know exactly how to begin, and — and — if you can’t answer, whom shall I ask next?” and the hen looked about anxiously.

“Well, what is it?” Henny Penny came nearer, looked about to see if any hen or chicken was listening, and then said, hurriedly, —

“What I want to know is this: Everybody tells me I came out of an egg; now an egg comes out of me. What I want to know is, Is it the same egg? and which does it? Does the egg make the hen or the hen make the egg? that’s what I want to know.”

“What nonsense!” said Cocky Locky angrily. “What nonsense! Any hen ought to know better than to ask such questions. I shan’t answer you. Go back and think about it. Don’t come to me with such foolish questions. I never!” and Cocky Locky walked fast to where the last crumbs of Indian meal were left.

“But I do think about it!” cried Henny Penny after him. “I have thought about it, and it won’t come. Whom shall I ask next?” But Cocky Locky was out of hearing. Henny Penny was in despair. As long as she could remember, she had been perplexed over this question. Cocky Locky was so big and held his head so high, she knew that he knew, and now he wouldn’t tell her, and called her silly. What should she do! Many a day afterward she

thought about it. One thing she noticed. When she had been thinking a good deal, it made her throat dry, and it was very refreshing to take a little water at such times. So a bright thought came to her and she flew up upon the pump in the yard.

"Now I'll think here," she said. "It must be the place of all others to think on."



Henny Penny thinking on the Pump.

Thus while Cocky Locky and the rest were pecking at the ground, Henny Penny was perched on the pump. She sat there so long that one of the chickens that admired her very much got up on the handle; but Henny Penny would take no notice of him,

so he got down again. When Martin pumped, Henny Penny could hear the boxes go rumbling down and the water come gurgling up, and she shut her eyes and tried to hear what the water said. It came from such a distance that she was sure it must know all about it. But the more she thought and the harder she listened, the queerer became the question.

Spring passed and summer passed and autumn came. Henny Penny kept on laying eggs, though her thinking so hard made it less easy to lay eggs. She began to keep very much by herself. When Nathan went out to feed the chickens, they would all fly about him to get the grain, and sometimes they would light on his head; but Henny Penny would stay away and look on, and wish and wish she were like the rest. Cocky Locky became quite angry with her, and would chase her round the yard, so that the rest treated



her in the same way. She grew very melancholy and all the while was wondering whom she should ask, for she knew she could not tell of her own self.

At length when the snow fell, for winter had come, the hen-house door was open one day, and all the cocks and hens walked out to take the air, all but Henny Penny. They walked into the yard in front of the house, and there was Nathan, finishing a snow man which he had been making. They all crowded about and looked on in astonishment. Nathan stood before it with his little fire-shovel, and they did not know that he made it. Such a wonderful man they never had seen, and when they came home after the walk they all chattered and chattered about the extraordinary snow man they had seen.



Nathan Feeding the Chickens.



Nathan making the Snow Man.

"Right in the very garden," they said. "Just by the barn."

"It came from behind the barn," said an old hen, wisely. "I've been there."

"Nonsense!" said Cocky Locky. "It dropped down from the sky." And then they all fell to quarreling about it. Nobody minded Henny Penny, but she heard everything that was said.

"Now's my chance," she thought, and when it was quiet, and all the rest were asleep, she crept down from her roost. She knew where a slat was gone from the hen-yard fence, and she crawled through and was out in the garden. She walked along softly, so as not to wake anybody, and to be sure, there by the corner of the barn stood the snow man. The night was warm, and Henny Penny could hear the icicles on the barn melting, and the snow dripping from the eaves, but the snow man was perfectly still.

"Good evening," said she, standing in front of him. She spoke quite softly, but as soon as she spoke, one of his arms fell off.

"There! one of my arms has gone," said he, but his voice, though thick, was not ill-natured.

"I did n't make it go, by speaking, did I?" asked Henny Penny anxiously.

"You? Bless me, no. It went of itself. I'm going pretty soon."

"Oh, don't go; don't go yet! I want to ask you a question."

"Ask quick, one of my ears is gone, and I'm a little hard of hearing."

"What I want to know is this," said Henny Penny eagerly. "You know I lay eggs. Now I came from an egg. Where does it begin? where does it end? which comes first?"

"You ask a good many hard questions," said the snow man. "Excuse me, my dear, for not speaking very distinctly; my mouth is going. Now answer me this if you can. I am made of Snow, and when I'm gone, I shall be turned into Wet; and after a while Wet will go up and come down Snow again, and Nathan will set me up on my stomach again; he never makes any legs for me. Now, which am I, Wet or Snow? and which comes first? There, there are some questions for you. My dear, we all have our questions.

Excuse me, but I think my head is going. Do you notice if my hair has fallen off?"

"Oh yes," said Henny Penny, grieving. "It's all gone, and your head's going."

"I thought so," said the snow man, calmly. "But I've got one idea left. I've heard what you said. I can tell you the answer, but I can't preach a long sermon. I can only give you the text. Set."

"What!" cried Henny Penny.

"Good-by," said the snow man faintly; "set." As he said this, his head flowed away in little streams, and there was nothing but a rapidly melting body before poor Henny Penny. She was wet, and picked her way back shivering to the hen-house, crept through the opening in the slats, and found herself on her roost again.

Now Henny Penny had an answer, and the word was so short that she could carry it in her mind all the time. She could not understand the whole word, but when spring came on, and she began again to lay eggs, that word "set" kept coming back to her, and she said to herself, "I'll see what setting is, and perhaps that will help me;" so she hid a nest in the hay, and after patiently setting she hatched out every one of her eggs — twelve; twelve chickens peeped at her, and very proud she was as she led them out into the barn-yard.

"Well, Henny Penny," said Cocky Locky, who was strutting about, "where have you been all this time? What! chickens? Well done! Come, I like this; this is better than moping about, asking questions that no one can answer."

"I thought you knew the answer, but would n't tell," said Henny Penny simply.

“Well, this is one answer,” said Cocky Locky, holding his head on one side and walking off.

“It’s the only answer I know,” said Henny Penny. “Now they’ll lay eggs some day, and those eggs will become chickens — why, that’s the way it is!” said simple Henny Penny. “It keeps going on. Come, chicks, I’ve got something nice for you.”

“Well,” said Nathan, “I never thought my old snow man had anybody to talk to that night it thawed him out. I’d have gone out and listened to him and Henny Penny, if I had known they were going to have a conversation. I suppose Cousin Ned had his head out of the window and heard them.”

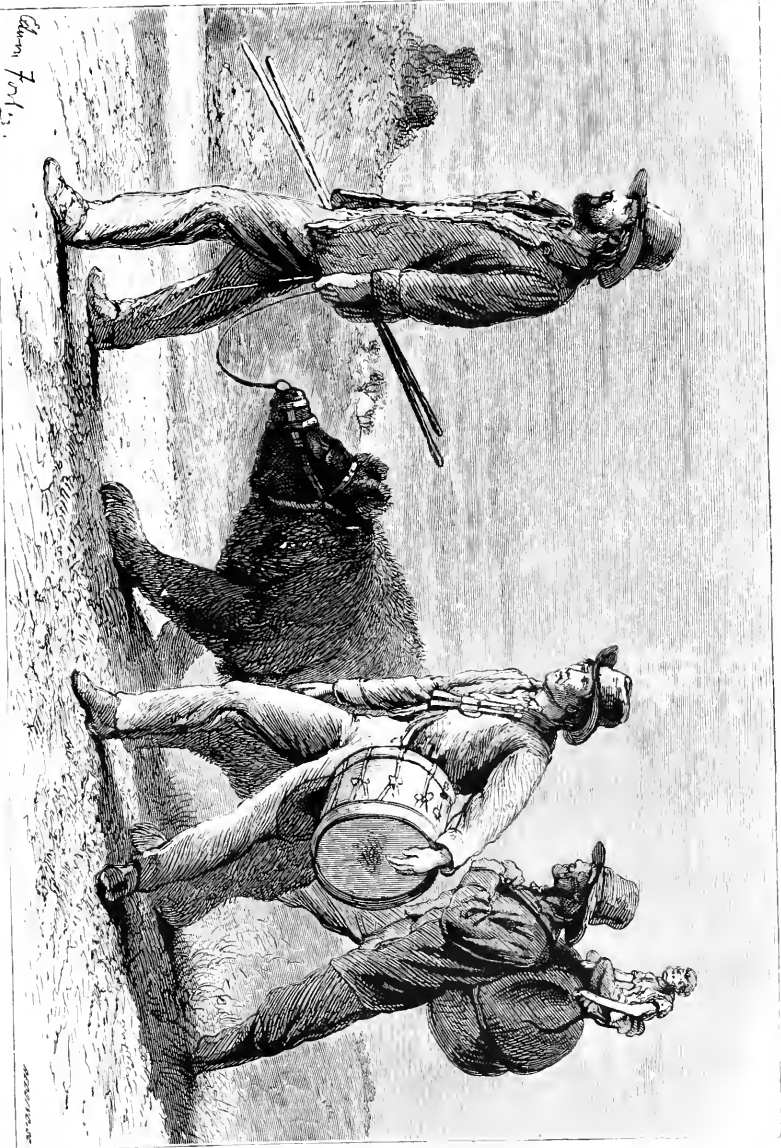
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## CHAPTER V.

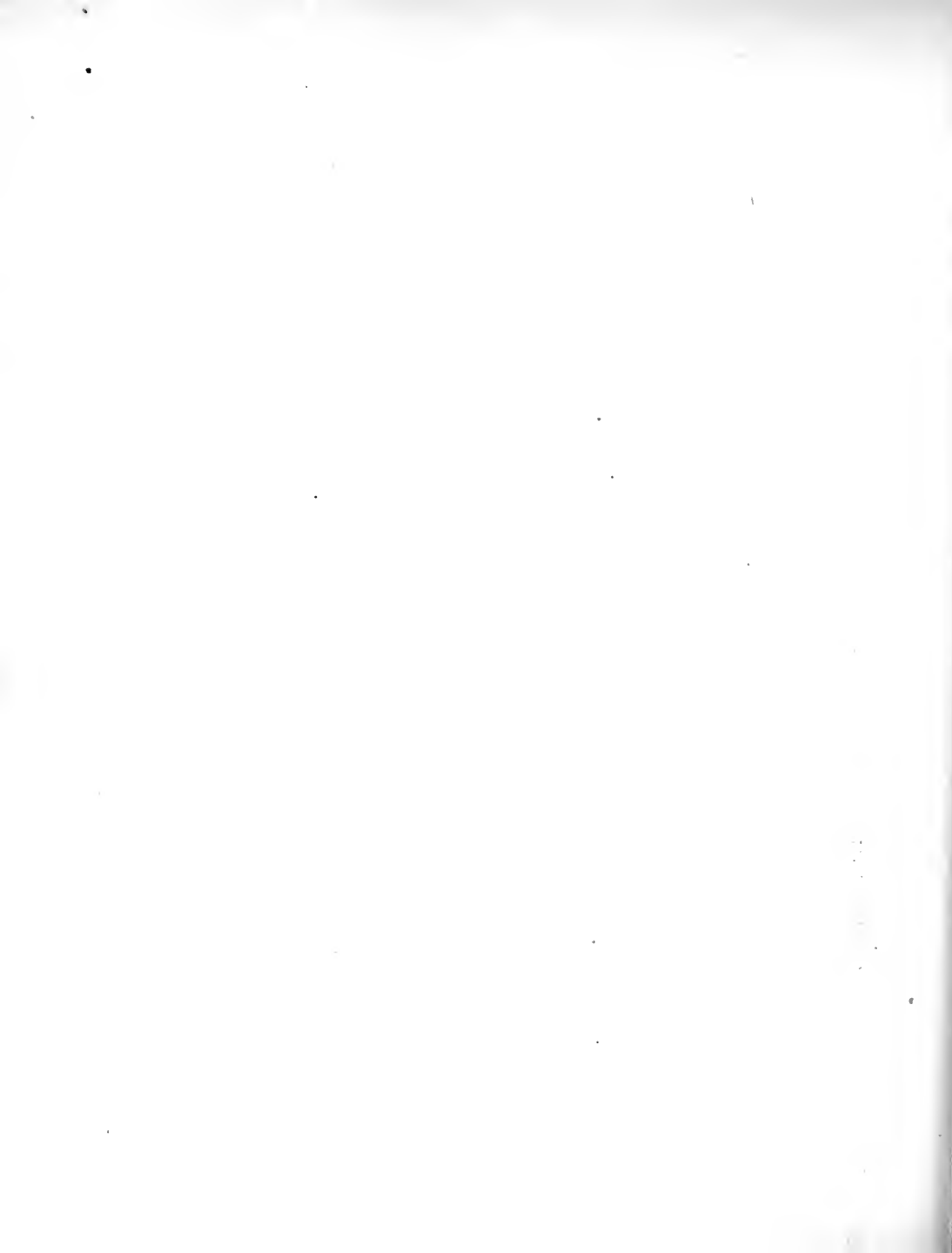
SHOE THE HORSE AND SHOE THE MARE, BUT LET THE LITTLE COLT  
GO BARE.

MR. BOTTOM was the most good-natured of horses. He was ready to do whatever was given him to do. He would draw the plow; he would drag the jouncing tip-cart, — though the cart harness had enormous blinders, which made him look as if he were playing blind-man’s-buff; he would trot with the carry-all behind him, and he was always good-natured when Nathan mounted him and rode down street, or up the road. Indeed, Nathan had come to be quite a fearless rider. Mr. Bottom’s only weakness was an animated fondness for corners. Whenever, in harness or under the saddle, he came to a corner, he would fling himself round it so quickly that unless

Edwin Foxley.



A DANCING BEAR.



one was very careful the wagon would spin about on two wheels and be dangerously near an overturn.

Best of all did Nathan love to ride the old horse. He became so used to Mr. Bottom that he would ride him sometimes without a saddle, and with no bridle but Mr. Bottom's halter; sometimes he would ride as if on a side-saddle, with his feet both on one side, and once he carefully turned himself round on the horse's back and rode with his face toward Mr. Bottom's crupper, but he did not urge the horse much that time, and Mr. Bodley, discovering him at the prank, forbade him doing it again. The only time when Mr. Bottom seemed to be frightened was one day when Nathan was riding him and they came suddenly upon a dancing bear with three attendants, one of whom carried some long poles, one had a drum, and a third a monkey. Mr. Bottom had just come round a corner, and, never having seen such a sight before, was somewhat startled, and began to jump about; but Nathan, who lost his seat for a moment only, soon quieted him.

"I want to know," said Martin, when Nathan was telling about it. "Why, men used to catch bears up in Coos County, and train the young ones to dance. Hen taught one to dance once."

"I know a story about a bear," said Phippy.

"So do I," said Lucy. "It's in my Andersen." But neither of the children told the story, for just then their father and mother came toward them and went into the barn.

"In what condition is the carry-all, Martin?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"It's pretty sound, sir," said Martin, giving it a shake.

"Do you think it could stand a journey of a week or two?"

"Well, sir, I should like to take it to pieces and look at it carefully beforehand, but I guess it could stand it."

"Oh, are we going to Cape Cod again?" asked Phippy, who began to jump up and down. Nathan rushed off and brought a tape measure which was in Martin's tool box, and began gravely to measure the distance between the wheels. Mr. Bodley laughed. When they went to Cape Cod the year before, they had not taken their own carry-all, and Nathan had gone with his father to the livery-stable and watched him measure the width of several carry-alls, for the wood roads on Cape Cod were all of one width, with ruts for the wheels and the horses, and it racked a carriage badly to travel there, unless it just fitted the ruts.

"It's just a speck too wide, papa," Nathan announced.

"Perhaps it is for Cape Cod," said Mr. Bodley, "but we think of taking the carry-all where the roads are good ccountry roads, and are not cut up into ruts."

"Why, where are we going?" exclaimed Phippy.

"Wait and see, Phippy," said her mother, smiling.

"Can you get a pole fitted to the carry-all, Martin?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, sir, down at Wright's. They've got an extra pole down there, and I think we could rig this up."

"Well, we won't do it till just before we start, but you can ask him about it, and see how much he will charge. I don't know as our carry-all is quite large enough. We should want to take you with us, Martin, to drive and look after the horses; then there will be Mrs. Bodley and Phippy and Nathan on one seat, Lucy and you and I on the other. Perhaps we could make it answer. There'll be Mr. Bottom besides."

"Do you want me to make up a team, Mr. Bodley?"

"My friend Mr. Bigelow has a pair of horses which he drives, and he is going to lend them to me."



"But you said Mr. Bottom was going," said Nathan.

"He will carry Ned."

"Oh, is Cousin Ned going? But he's at college."

"It will be vacation by the time we're ready to start. It's the first of June now; we cannot well go before the end of the month, but I wanted to see that everything was ready beforehand."

"Can't Nurse Young go?" asked Lucy.

"I'm afraid the journey would tire Nurse Young. We'll leave her to take care of Roseland."

"Papa," said Nathan, whispering to him, "is Cousin Ned going to ride Mr. Bottom, when we go in the carryall?"

"That's what I have promised him, but you shall take turns with him sometimes, if he is willing."

"But where are we going?" asked Phippy.

"You can have four weeks to guess in," said her mother.

"Come, Martin," said Nathan, "let's go right down to Wright's and see about the pole;" and off they went, for Martin was as much interested as any of them.

"I guess your father's going to take you to New York," said Martin.

"Poh," said Nathan; "he goes in the cars when he goes to New York."

"That's so," said Martin, but he could think of no other place to which it was worth while to go. They went to Wright's, the blacksmith's, and found the pole, and Martin asked all manner of questions, while Nathan liked best to stand and watch the men shoeing horses and to see the sparks fly up from the forge. There was a great chestnut-tree near by, and Mrs. Bodley had taught Nathan the pretty poem by Longfellow, which seemed to fit well this very

place, though it was really suggested by the smithy that stood under a spreading chestnut-tree in Cambridge. As Nathan stood there, he wondered if Mr. Wright had a daughter who sang in the choir, and on their walk back he recited to Martin

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;

The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.



His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !

Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.



Nathan found the children still guessing when he came home.

“I’ve guessed Portland,” said Phippy; “no, I have n’t either, I’ve guessed White Mountains. No, I tell you, it’s Williamstown, where Cousin Ned’s at college.”

“That would be a famous drive,” said Mrs. Bodley, “but you’re not burning.”

“I guess Newfoundland, where Nurse Young came from,” said Lucy.

“Hoh!” said Nathan, “why, you can’t drive to Newfoundland. I guess it’s California, where Hen is.”

“Come, come, Sarah,” said Mr. Bodley. “If this guessing is going on thus for four weeks, we shall all be too worn out to go anywhere. I think we may as well tell. Get out the map of Massachusetts, Thanny.” There was a large map of the State, and the children all gathered about it while Mr. Bodley took his gold pencil for a tracer. “There! here’s Boston. Now we’ll take our carry-all and two horses, and have a cruise on wheels, and Mr. Bottom

shall carry a saddle and be our pilot. We will strike across to Salem, and follow the coast to Gloucester and round Cape Ann; then we will go through Essex and Ipswich and Rowley to old Newbury and Newburyport. That will be as far as we can go, but we will follow the Merrimac River to Haverhill, and then come home by way of Andover and Reading, Stoneham and Medford. What do you say to that? It will be a trip through Essex County, which is one of the oldest parts of the State." The children began to jump up and down. They got out their geographies and atlases and began at once to read about the places they should visit, and Nathan ran out into the kitchen to tell Martin.

"Well, I never," said Martin. "That's a curious drive. I'd like to go, though. Hen, he used to sail with a Salem captain."

"Hen's been to Salem," exclaimed Nathan, coming back; "Martin says he has."

"If ever I set my eyes on that Hen," said Mr. Bodley, "I shall find out if he crows as much as Martin does." It was bed-time, and the children scampered up-stairs. But after they were in their night-gowns, they continued to chase each other with bare feet, pattering about the rooms and through Behring Strait.

"I'm riding on a broomstick, like a Salem witch," said Phippy, who had mounted a hearth brush and was prancing about the rooms.

"And I'm on Mr. Bottom, riding over Salem turnpike," said Nathan, who was racing up and down, while Lucy pretended to be rocking in a boat off the coast as she made the rocker fly back and forth.

"Children, children!" cried Mrs. Bodley, coming up-stairs. "Go to bed this instant! I should think you were all about three years old."

“Oh, play we are!” cried Lucy, jumping down and running to her mother.

“Then scamper into bed.”

“Will you sing ‘Willie Winkie’ to us?”

“That’s a little child’s song, Lucy, but I’ll sing it, for you all need it, I believe, to put you to sleep.” The children scrambled into their beds; only Lucy was allowed to cuddle in her mother’s arms as she sang in a low, musical voice

#### WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie  
Runs through the town,  
Up-stairs and down-stairs  
In his night-gown,  
Tapping at the window,  
Crying at the lock,  
“Are the weans in their bed.  
For it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey! Willie Winkie,  
Are you coming, then?  
The cat’s singing purrie  
To the sleeping hen;  
The dog is lying on the floor,  
And does not even peep;  
But here’s a wakefu’ laddie  
That will not fall asleep.”

Anything but sleep, you rogue!  
Glowering like the moon!  
Rattling in an iron jug  
With an iron spoon:  
Rumbling, tumbling all about,  
Crowing like a cock,

Screaming like I don't know what,  
Waking sleeping folk.

“Hey! Willie Winkie,  
Can't you keep him still?  
Wriggling off a body's knee  
Like a very eel,



Pulling at the cat's ear,  
As she drowsy hums —  
Heigh! Willie Winkie,”  
See! there he comes!



Wearied is the mother  
That has a restless wean,  
A-wee, stumple bairnie  
Heard whene'er he 's seen —  
That has a battle aye with sleep  
Before he'll close an e'e;  
But a kiss from off his rosy lips  
Gives strength anew to me.

Even before the last verse was reached, Lucy was fast asleep, and Mrs. Bodley laid her in her little crib, tucked her close, and kissed her good-night. She held her finger to her lips to hush the other children who were watching, then stole to their beds, gave them their good-night kisses, and quietly left them. The quiet brought sleep to Nathan and Phippy also, and before she could join Mr. Bodley, who sat before the map, all three of the children were soundly sleeping.

“They are the best children that ever were, Charles,” she said, as she joined her husband.

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## CHAPTER VI.

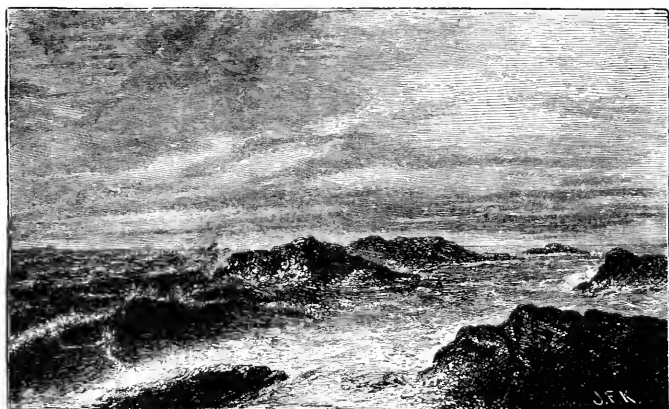
### THE START.

MR. AND MRS. BODLEY had purposely given the children an early knowledge of the proposed excursion, for they wished them to hear and read books during the month to come which would interest them in the places they were to visit. So it was that when the end of June was reached and school was over, and Cousin Ned had come home from college, the children had read and heard read

a good deal which they would not soon forget. They had each made maps of the county, and Phippy had colored hers.

"I wish you were going, Nurse Young," said Lucy, who spent a good deal of time with the old lady.

"So do I, my dear, for I shall miss your bonny face, and you'll see the ocean, and it makes me homesick to be back in Noofunlan' when I see the ocean."



The Ocean as Nurse Young remembered it.

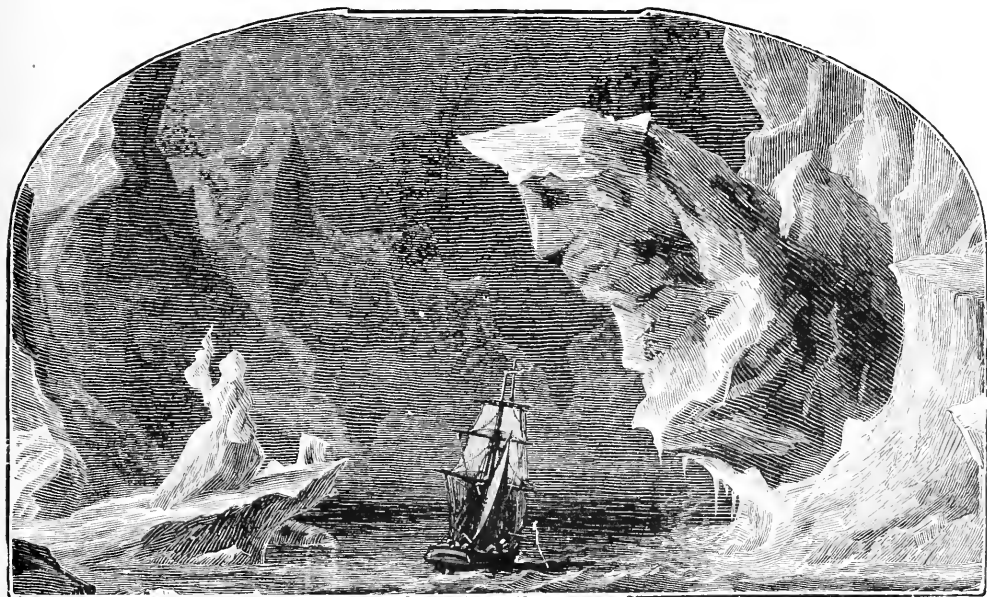
"You can see it from the play-room windows."

"And many's the time I've gone up there to look at it, child, but it is n't like what it was at home, when the water came dashing against the bold rocks. It was a lonely place, and it's a deal more comfortable here, the Lord be praised; but I'd gladly see it again."

"I don't believe I should like it," said Lucy timidly, "unless I were with you or with papa and mamma."

"It was a hard life for the men, and it was no easy one for us. When we heard the wind howling about the house, and the tempest came, we'd think of father and the boys off in the ice, and wish we

could know if they were safe. Father came home once and told us — I was a little girl then — how his vessel was sailing through the icebergs, and they saw a great giant looking down on them, and on the other side was a beautiful woman rising out of the water. Then



The Ice Giant and Lady.

they thought they'd never come home again, but they came home. It was the ice, child, but father never could think of it without shuddering. They used to see strange sights sometimes. You'd not ha' liked it, Lucy. Why, when you were a little girl, I used to hear you when you was a-coming down-stairs piping up, 'Mamma, let me take hold of your hand.' You were a timid little girl, Lucy. But you're brave now. Do you mind how you used to make kisses for your old nurse? You used to say 'Haven't got any kisses,

nurse, but I'll make some,' and then you'd pat-a-cake with your hands and pretend to make some."

"I have plenty for you now," said Lucy, giving her a hug.

It was decided that they should start on a Monday, and all the morning they were busy making their preparations. Ned arrayed himself for the first time in a pair of corduroys that he had bought for the ride, and strutted about in them until he was so hot that he declared he must have a swim. So he and Nathan went off to what was called the Basin, a salt-water cove, not a great way from the house, and came back to dinner with enough salt behind their ears to last them a good while. The pigs and chickens and Jersey cow were to be under the care of a neighbor, and the children went about to the different places, bidding good-by to them as if they never were to see them again. They dined early so as to make a good start, and by three o'clock the carry-all was at the door, with Martin on the front seat, while Ned was on Mr. Bottom, caracoling about and making himself occasionally into what he called an Equestrian Statue of Edward the First on Horseback.

"This is the King leading his forces to the Promised Land," he said, rising in his stirrups and holding his whip like a drawn sword. Nep stood looking on and preparing to follow; but Nathan, foreseeing trouble, led him off to his kennel and chained him there. The family stowed bags in the boxes under the seats, and after running up and down-stairs an incredible number of times, were at last fairly off, Ned curveting in front of them.

"We will go to Boston to start," said Mr. Bodley, "and I think we ought to start from Boston Stone itself."

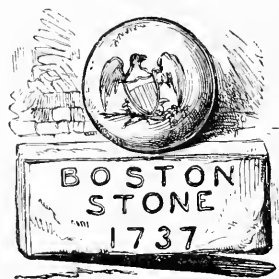
"Why, is there a stone in Boston?" asked Nathan. "Look, papa, we are just passing Pepper Dust." There was an old mile

stone near the entrance to the avenue leading to Roseland, which had in dim letters on it "Boston 3 m. P. D. 1735," popularly known among the children as Pepper Dust. "I thought this was three miles to the old State House."



The Old State House in Paul Dudley's time

"I believe that was the centre from which they measured in Paul Dudley's time, but they had also in Boston a stone, which they called Boston Stone, that was set in the wall and made a kind of centre for all the shops about, so that people said, such a barber or such a painter had his shop at Boston Stone. I suppose the idea was taken from London Stone, which one can see in London to-day. I don't know whether or not people used to measure from it, but they measured in Rome from what was known as the Golden Mile Stone ; so we'll start from Boston Stone." It was not a very long drive to the back street where Boston Stone was to be seen, and the children looked curiously at the old fellow.



"The round stone on top," explained Mr. Bodley, "was used at one time as a grinder in a paint mill, of which the lower stone was the base of the mill, for the stones were brought over in 1700 by a painter who had his shop here. Now we have started. It is just half after three o'clock, Monday, June 28, 1852, when the Bodley Family starts for its cruise on wheels. Drive on, Martin."

"Hurrah!" shouted Phippy, who was on the back seat with Lucy and her mother, and then she hid in the corner, for she re-

membered they were in the street. Their route took them through Haymarket Square and over the bridge to Charlestown. They saw the high wall of the Navy Yard as they left it on their right, and looked curiously at the sentinel who was pacing up and down in front of the commandant's house.

"Does he ever shoot anybody, papa?" asked Nathan. "Would he shoot me if I were to go into that yard?"

"Not unless you shot him first, I think," said his father. "But this is government property and he is a servant of the government, only they dress him in fine clothes and give him a musket instead of a broom." Bunker Hill Monument was on their left, but the children were better pleased to cross the bridge that led over the Mystic to Chelsea, and to feel the cool breezes that swept from the water. The sides of the carry-all were rolled up so that every one could look out, and they all swooped in the delicious sea air.

"How I should like a plunge in that water," said Ned, as he rode beside the carry-all.

"We'll give the horses a chance to-day," said Mr. Bodley. "You and Nathan have had your bath this morning, but when we come to the place to turn off, you may lead us on to Chelsea Beach." It was not very long before they left the main road and crossed the sand heaps, and then rolled down upon the hard, long beach that stretches off toward Lynn. The tide was half out, so that there was a good road on the beach, and every once in a while they would let the surf roll gently past the horses' feet. Mr. Bottom grew quite excited over the sport, and danced along, heartily enjoying it. There were a good many people on the beach, and some bathers came out of the rude bathing-houses dressed in all manner of queer toggerly and walked gingerly across the sharp sand.

"This has a very different look from what one sometimes sees abroad," said Mr. Bodley, turning round. "Sarah, do you remember the beach at Scheveningen in Holland, and those funny bathing-machines?"

"Well enough," said she, laughing: "I remember those great covered chairs in which the people were sitting, each alone, looking as if they were overgrown babies, and talking round the corners of their chairs. If you had been there, children, you would have gone with me into one of the queer bathing-machines, and have been backed into the water."

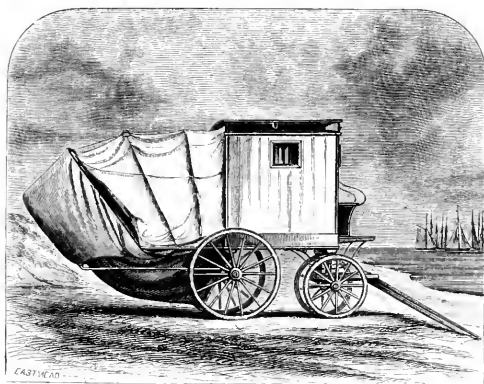
"I would rather run in, the way those children are running," said Phippy; and certainly it looked like much better sport. But



The Beach at Scheveningen.

they could not drive all the way on the beach; so after a while they left it and returned to the turnpike, which went straight as an arrow to Lynn, the next town which they expected to pass through. On either side stretched broad meadows of salt marsh. Black crows were lighting here and there, and the children watched them, and strained their eyes to see how many ships they could make out on the distant waters. On the left a beautiful line of hills curved inward like a bent bow of which the turnpike was the bow-string.

They did not meet a wagon or carriage, strange to say, all the long road until they came to the borders of Lynn, and glad enough were



A Dutch Bathing-Machine.

the children once more to meet people, to hear the distant steam-whistle, and, indeed, to rattle over the pavements. They left the turnpike here, and drove along Lynn Common, meaning to take a less direct but pleasanter road to Salem.

“Now, if it were earlier,” said Mr. Bodley, we would

drive over to Nahant; but you have been there in a steamboat, and we must leave it to-day. But there is the road that leads to Nahant.”

“What lots and lots of shoe factories,” said Nathan, who was reading the signs on the buildings.

“Yes, this is a great place for making shoes. They began to make them here in quantities just a hundred years ago, and I believe now that Lynn is one of the largest, if not the largest shoe-making place in the world.” Lucy was looking out of her window and could see the bold picturesque rocks that lay back of the city.

“I should think there might be robbers up there,” said she.

“Where?” said Nathan, eagerly.

“Up there on those rocks.”

“Not so far wrong, Lucy,” said Cousin Ned, who was riding near her. “Dungeon Rock is up there. They say that pirates hid their treasures near it, and if you could only find the place, you’d be





THE WANDERERS.



immensely rich. But there was an earthquake that swallowed them all up."

"Pirates and all?"

"Pirates and all, for all I know."

They drove along Ocean Street and by Swampscott, but again came upon the Salem road. Now they no longer saw the ocean, but went by rocky pastures and hillsides and along country roads. They were not the only people on the way. They met others driving and walking, but of all they saw none interested them so much as two poor people who were moving slowly along the road. They were an old blind fiddler and a little girl.

"Look!" cried Lucy. "I thought at first it was Lisa. Don't you remember Lisa, mamma? the little girl with the organ man that I saw down in the hollow the very first day we came to Rose-land? But it is n't Lisa. Poor little thing! how tired she looks." Martin stopped the carry-all and Mrs. Bodley spoke to the old man, but he did not understand her.

"He is Italian, Ned," said she; "come, let us hear you speak to him."

"My Italian is n't out-door Italian," said he, "but I'll try." So Ned tried, but he did not make out very well. "They are from Naples," he said; "I could make that out. Let's have a concert; we can understand that." So they made signs to the little girl, and she spoke to the old man. It was a pretty sight. The carriage drew up upon the side of the road and the three children and Ned danced to the music of the old violin. The little girl looked pleased enough as they gave her some money, and still more pleased when Lucy took her hand in hers, and then, her eyes filling with tears, kissed the little girl.

“She looked so lonely,” she said. Cousin Ned watched the pair move away and then followed the carry-all slowly. He was making poetry, and that evening, when the rest were asleep, he wrote down these lines.

#### THE WANDERERS.

Poor, tired little girl!  
For many a mile and many a day  
Her weary feet have dragged their way,  
Since last she saw the fishers furl  
Their lateen sails in Naples bay.

How oft those little feet  
Have pattered along the sandy beach,  
Scampering out of the big waves' reach :  
And now they ache on the stony street,  
As she tries in turn to rest on each.

She is thinking, poor thing,  
How once she played with her little pets,  
And watched the fishers mend their nets;  
And now she tries to dance and sing,  
Shaking for pence her castanets.

Poor exiles from a far-off home!  
Drifting away from shore to shore,  
From town to town, from door to door.  
Homeless and friendless they wearily roam,  
Till their hungry, wandering days are o'er.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SALEM.

THE house where the family was to stay in Salem was one where lived a college classmate of Mr. Bodley, — Mr. Bruce, or Ben Bruce, as Mr. Bodley called him. He had a wife and several children, and more than once one or another of the children had been at Roseland visiting the Bodleys. So now the family were returning the visits, and the children on both sides were eagerly looking for each other. The street in which the Bruces lived was a pleasant, shaded street, and as Monday afternoon came to an end the Bruce children were watching in the garden for the Bodley children. They meanwhile were coming into town by Lafayette Street, seeing water on one side and the other, so that it seemed as if they were on a narrow isthmus or neck of land. The children had never been in Salem before and were looking out of the carriage in every direction to see if they could discover the Bruces.

“What if they should live in Mr. Hawthorne’s house!” said Phippy, for the children had read some of Hawthorne’s tales, and heard that he was born in Salem and recently lived there.

“Or in Roger Williams’,” said Lucy. But the matter was soon settled by a turn of the corner, and a discovery of Jack Bruce upon the gate-post at his house. Jack scrambled down in a hurry, and the two families were soon made into one around the tea-table.

“So you’re making a cruise on wheels, Charles,” said Mr. Bruce. “Well, you’ve had a good example before you. Old Tutor Flynt took the trip in 1754, driving in a chair to Portsmouth, when he was eighty years old. He stopped at Ipswich for one place, and

stayed with Parson Rogers. How do you like your tea, Mrs. Bodley ? ”

“ It ’s just right, thank you.”

“ Oh, I don’t mean that ; how do you take it, straight or mixed ? ”

“ Cream only, Mr. Bruce.”

“ Well, Madam Rogers asked Tutor Flynt, and the old gentleman replied that he liked his strong of the tea, strong of the sugar, and strong of the cream.”

“ I see you have n’t lost your interest in antiquities, Ben,” said Mr. Bodley.

“ Can’t. Here in Salem we’re all as old as we can be when we’re born. A few score years more or less does n’t add a great deal. Do you remember my aunt Hepzibah and her cousin May, who lived together, just below us here ? Cousin May was nearly ninety and Aunt Hepzibah was eighty-five. It was lovely to hear those old ladies call each other May and Hepsy. Well, they died a couple of years ago ; but one day I remember they sent up to me to say that their house was on fire. I hurried down and found the old ladies in a peck of trouble. I looked into the east room and found it full of smoke. Something was the matter with the chimney. ‘ The first thing we must do is to move the furniture out of that room,’ said I. ‘ I don’t know,’ said Aunt Hepzibah. ‘ Benjamin, that furniture has n’t been disturbed for forty years, and I don’t think I can have it moved.’ The furniture was moved, but Aunt Hepzibah, I believe, was almost ready to let the house burn down first. However, we have some youths here, eh, Emily ? ” Emily was his oldest daughter, and there was no doubt from her fresh looks that she lived in the Salem of that day and not in the Salem of antiquity.

When supper was over the children played out-of-doors in the garden until it was dark, and then came in and chatted and played games till bed-time. Jack told of a visit they had made in the country a week or two before, when they had seen some sheep washed in the brook for shearing. He told how the men stood up nearly to their waists in the brook, washing the sheep, and how soft and clean the fleece was afterward. Then when the children's bed-time came, Emily Bruce went to the door with the teabell and rang it out-of-doors.

"Why, what is that for?" asked Phippy.

"That is to call the cat," said she, and sure enough in walked puss at the sound of the bell.

"Why, does she really know enough for that?" said Phippy.

"Indeed, she does. She always comes in at night when we ring the bell for her; why, she is so knowing that she came when we wished for her."

"Oh, tell them about it, Emily," said her father, and the children gathered about her.

"Well, you must know that last winter as the children were all sitting by the fire, they began to wish for all sorts of things, and Jack said he would be a fairy, and they could have what they wished for. So Mary wished for a doll, and Tom for a sled, and Harry that it would snow. Jack pretended to give them each what they wanted, and then Susie wished for a cat, for a striped cat she said, that would come when she was called, wherever she might be. So Jack stood up and waved the poker about his head — he said it was a fairy wand — and cried out, 'Striped cat! come in to Susie.' Then he threw open the window, and to be sure a striped cat jumped up on the window sill and into the room and walked straight to Susie. It's true, every word of it."

"Yes," said Susie, "and now she comes when we ring the bell for her, wherever she is."



The Cat and the Fairy.

"Well," said Nathan, "my pig used to come when I whistled to it."



"No wonder, Thanny, when you never went to see your pig without carrying it something good to eat," said his father. But it was bed-time, and the children all gathered about Emily and begged for some songs before they went up-stairs. She knew a good many charming old English ditties, and sang them with a sweet voice; and Mr. Bruce sang "Hearts of Oak," and "Down among the Dead Men," which he gave with a terrible bass voice, and then all the children had their sing in a Mother Goose melody, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

"That's one of the sheep I saw washed," said Jacky.



## Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Music by CHARLES MOULTON.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you a-ny wool? Yes, kind sir, three bags full,—

One for my master, one for my dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.

The next day was as pleasant as Monday, and that was saying a good deal. An east wind blew fresh from the sea and kept the air cool, or the children would have found it rather hot walking about Salem. Mr. Bruce gave up the morning to them, and the little procession moved about the streets from one point to another with eyes wide open for all that they could see. They had a chance once at least to open their mouths also; for as they passed along one of the streets, Mr. Bruce stopped before a low door of an old house, upon either side of which were shop windows filled with all manner of small goods. It would seem as if everything that one could desire, provided only it could be gotten into a quart measure, was to be found in the windows: little toys, hairpins, bits of gingerbread figures, small tin ware, and a jumble of oddly assorted finery and haberdashery, amused the children, who thought they never had seen so crowded a little shop. It was still more crowded when all

the Bruces and Bodleys entered the tiny front room where Sally Bacon presided.

"Well, Miss Bacon," said Mr. Bruce, "here are some friends of mine from Boston, and I could n't let them go away without some Gibralters and Black-jack."

"Well, well," said the old lady, "to be sure. I should n't wonder;" and she bustled about to get her Gibralters, which the Bodley children were curious to see.

"They 're gobs of white candy," whispered Jack to Phippy, "and ever so nice."

"You don't remember Mr. Spencer, do you, Mr. Bruce?" said Sally Bacon.

"To be sure I do. Don't I remember that cart without any springs, and the green firkins in which they used to bring round the Gibralters?"

"Well, now, I declare. And how the old lady used to drive the horse? I can see her now and hear her 'Huddup, huddup!'"

"The Spencers introduced the Gibralters here," said Mr. Bruce to Mr. Bodley, "a good many years ago. They made them over in Danvers, but brought them to town to sell. It was said that Mr. Spencer was a younger son in a noble English house, but people tell all sorts of stories."

"This is a pretty old house, Miss Bacon, that you 're living in," said Mr. Bodley.

"Just let them walk into your back parlor, will you?" said Mr. Bruce, and the old lady took them into the tiny room back of the shop, where she did her cooking and had her table and all her work. The whole place was as big as a big work-box, and scarcely bigger.

Not far from Sally Bacon's, but on the other side of the way, the

children looked at a curious old house, which Mr. Bruce told them was once lived in by Roger Williams, whom they would one day read about, as an early minister in Salem, who came there a young man, but with notions about religious liberty that were one day to make him famous.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

“I should like to see the Town Pump,” said Lucy.

“Ah, my dear, you will never see that. It was taken down a dozen years or more ago when the tunnel for the railroad was made. But where have you ever heard about the Town Pump?”

“Why, I have read ‘Rills from the Town Pump,’” said Lucy, “in ‘Twice Told Tales.’”

“Ah, you have got hold of Nat Hawthorne’s book, have you? That’s a pretty story, and he’s a strange man. He has written a good many stories about our Salem. His grandfather was Daniel Hawthorne, a privateers-man in the Revolutionary War. I’ll show you the house where Nat was born when we come to it. We’ll go first to see the Witch Pins.”

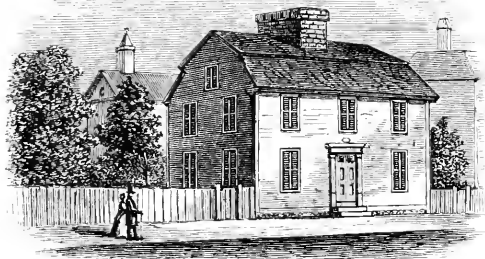
“Oh,” said Phippy, “I should like that above all things,” and so they all marched off to the Court-house. There a clerk brought out a little bottle with a score or so of hard-looking pins, “spiteful-looking,” Mrs. Bodley said.

“Will they hop?” asked Phippy. “Why don’t they do something? They look like any other pins, except they’re not very bright.”

“No, they have done all their hopping,” said Mr. Bruce. “These are said to be some of the pins that figured in the witch delusions a hundred and fifty years ago. It was a time when the woods were close to the settlements, and Indians in the woods, and people fancied all sorts of evil spirits to be flying back and forth in the dark. Even children grew excited over it, and pretended that pins were stuck into them by persons who were nowhere near them, and a kind of craziness got possession of the community. It was a sad time, a sad time.” They did not remain long in the Court-house, but walked slowly through the streets, looking at the quaint houses and the new shops and other buildings that were mixed in with them.

“We are not all living in the last two centuries here,” said Mr. Bruce. “See, we are opposite the house in Union Street where Nat Hawthorne was born,” and he pointed out the stumpy old house.

“He connects the old and the new for us, and if you will go round the corner with me and walk a little way, you will see our Custom-house at the head of the wharves. Hawthorne was surveyor of the Port a couple of years ago, and used to walk up and down in the Custom-house. It’s a sleepy enough looking place now, but there used to be lively times in Salem.”



Birthplace of Hawthorne.



The Custom-house.

“It was once a great commercial centre, was it not?” said Mr. Bodley.

“Indeed it was. It created the India trade. My father used to tell the story that when our vessels went trading to the East Indies, the heathen there heard so much said about Salem, and spelled the name out, when they could, in such big letters on the

stern of the ships, that they had an idea Salem was an immense country somewhere in the west, and U. S. A. was a little town in it where the ships came from. Our town was built up largely from this trade, but there is little left of it now. Why, as far back as 1799 we had an East India Marine Society, to which all our old sea-captains belonged. They brought back all sorts of curiosities, and in 1825 we built a hall here to hold the museum."

"Oh, I've got a ticket for that," said Nathan, and he pulled out his little leather wallet and showed a dingy ticket of admission. "I've had that ever so long. Uncle Elisha gave it to me, and I've been keeping it."

"Well done!" said Mr. Bruce. "I'll give you a chance to use it, for I'm going to take you to the museum now." They came back, as they were talking, upon Essex Street, and presently stood before the East India Marine Hall. The whole party climbed the staircase, and Lucy started back as she saw or thought she saw some grave looking East India men sitting at the head of the stairs.

"Are they alive?" she whispered.

"No," said Mr. Bruce. "I don't wonder you think so, though, for they are real likenesses, in image shape, of East India merchants whom our sea-captains used to meet."

"What a queer idea to put an image of a sea-captain with them," said Mrs. Bodley, tapping it with her parasol as she spoke.

"No, ma'am, I ain't an image," said the figure suddenly.

"Bless me!" said she, starting back. "Oh, I beg your pardon, but you looked so life-like." A smile seemed to begin to creep over the face of the old man whom Mrs. Bodley had taken for an image.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Bodley," said Mr. Bruce in an undertone, "I think you've made the old captain smile. He's never been

known to smile but three times in his life ; this must be the fourth. No, you did n't quite succeed. That smile did n't get out." The old sea-captain proved to be the custodian of the collection, and he took the children about and showed them the great store of curiosities. These were not only from the East Indies, but many odd relics of early New England days were there. The children looked with wonder at the quaint little old shirt used when Governor Bradford was baptized, and his christening blanket. So old a Governor to have been so small a child ! Then there were rude clothespins made by prisoners confined at Dartmoor ; a contribution box used at Topsfield ; some droll looking fire-dogs representing Continental soldiers ; a fire bucket, and a little packet of tea which Lot Cheever shook out of his shoe after he had been at the Boston Tea-party ; a pewter spoon mould ; but what entranced the children especially was a piece of wood-carving said to have been done by an Italian monk of the fourteenth century. Two hemispheres of the size of an English walnut were crowded with figures carved within them, one hundred and ten figures in all, representing in one Heaven, and in the other the Day of Judgment. The children looked at them through a magnifying glass, while the old sea-captain told off the figures inside like a book. •

" Could you do that in a cherry-stone, Nathan ? " asked Mr. Bruce, as they left the hall.

" I never tried carving a cherry-stone," said he.

" Jack makes lovely baskets out of cherry-stones," said little Mary, and before the children left Salem, Jack had carved one for Phippy.

" I want to show you one other house," said Mr. Bruce, " for it is close by, and I think likely the children have heard of the famous



man who was born in it. Did you ever hear of Mr. Prescott, the historian, Phippy ? ”

“ Oh yes,” said she eagerly. “ Was he born here ? ”

“ He was born across the way there,” said Mr. Bruce, pointing to the Reed house.<sup>1</sup>

“ There are blinds to the house I see,” said Ned, looking sagacious.



The House where Prescott was born.

“ Don’t joke about Prescott’s blindness,” said Mr. Bruce, “ until you have done as much work with your sound eyes as he has with his nearly closed ones.”

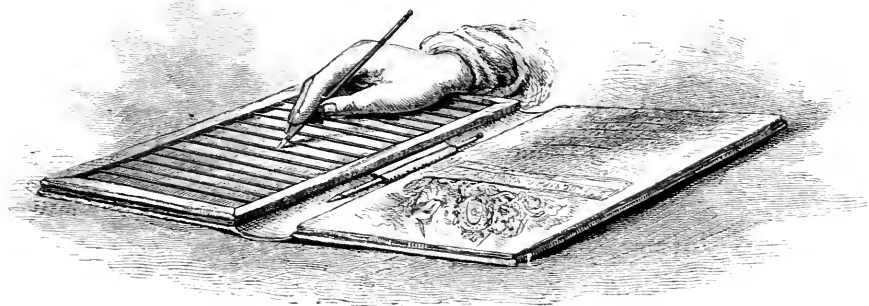
“ Did you ever see his noctograph, Ben ? ” asked Mr. Bodley.

“ No; have you ? ”

“ Yes. I described it to the children once. It looks somewhat

<sup>1</sup> Since taken down to make room for Plummer Hall, occupied by the Salem Atheneum and Essex Institute.

like a portfolio, and measures about ten inches by nine when unopened. When opened, it is something like a school-boy's hinged slate. Sixteen stout brass wires run across the right hand side, to guide the hand in writing. Beneath this is a sheet of paper prepared with a black substance, and under that a sheet of ordinary white paper. Mr. Prescott uses a style, and writes on the black paper so that the marks are pressed through upon the white paper beneath. It must be very provoking when it happens, as it sometimes does, that he forgets to take out the white paper, and keeps writing page after page over the same piece of paper."



Prescott's Noctograph.

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "but I suppose he has made patience one of the fine arts."

"I don't know but Mrs. Bruce will need all of her patience," said Mrs. Bodley. "She told us we were to be back by one o'clock."

"To be sure; we must wheel about. The children can't live on Gibaltars and Black-jack."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## AN AFTERNOON IN MARBLEHEAD.

MRS. BRUCE had a reason for having dinner punctually. She was very willing that the Bodleys should spend the forenoon tramping about Salem, but she had another mind for the afternoon. She herself was not from Salem, but from Marblehead, and she declared it would be a sin and a shame if the family were not taken to see old Marblehead that very afternoon.

"We will not take your horses, Mr. Bodley," said she, "but get a big wagon, and pack all the Bodleys and Bruces we can find into it. Now, you need n't say anything about it, for I have already ordered the wagon, and it is to be here at three o'clock." It was astonishing to find how fresh the children were, although they had been on their feet all the morning. Mr. Bruce was sure it must have been Miss Sally Bacon's Gibraltars that made them so strong. At any rate, the whole party was bundled into a big wagon, Ned also finding a place, and they were soon bowling merrily along. The road was a pleasant one, past some apple orchards.

"It is a lovely drive," said Mrs. Bruce, "when the lilacs and apple-trees are all in bloom. We drove here a month or more ago, and it was very fragrant."

"I wonder if Agnes Surriage did not often walk this way," said Mr. Bruce.

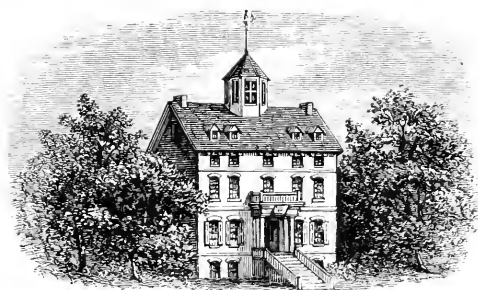


Bloom of Orchard.

"That sounds like the beginning of a story," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Tell it to Mrs. Bodley, Helen," said Mr. Bruce to his wife. "I think she will remember to have heard some of the story before you have finished."

"Most likely, for it is one of our few New England romances. It happened in the colonial days, before the Revolution, when our poor Massachusetts soil was coaxed to bear a society which could hardly flourish very vigorously by the side of the hard-headed and thick-handed working-class. Boston and Cambridge were the centre, and a miniature court gathered about the Governor at Province House. Sir William Shirley was Governor, and Sir Charles Henry



Old Province House.

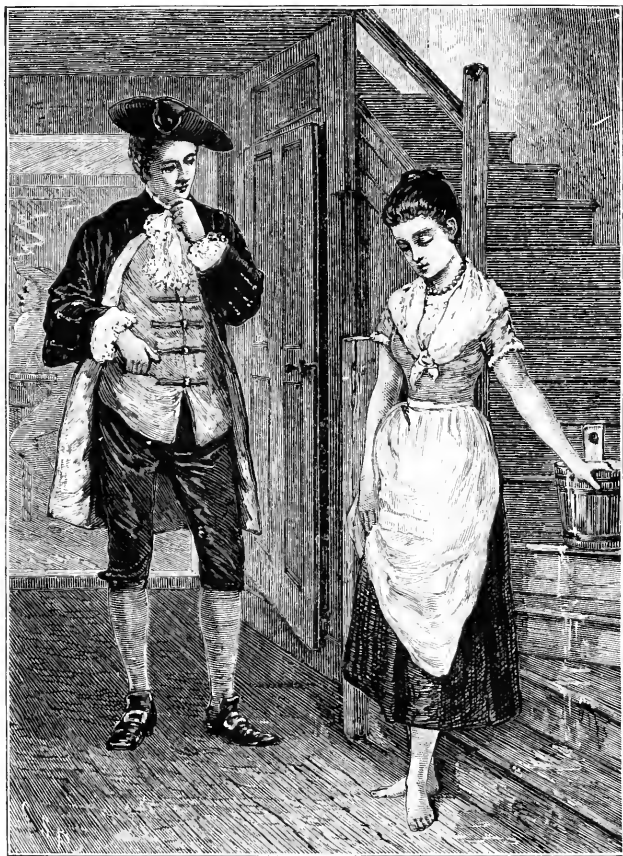
Frankland, or Sir Harry, as he was called, was Collector of the port of Boston. He was one of Cromwell's descendants, but that did not make him a zealous Puritan. He was a rich, handsome, gallant young fellow, fond of society, and mak-

ing the most of what Boston could give in the luxurious days of the colony. It chanced that Fort Sewall, in Marblehead harbor, was to be repaired, and government had appropriated a large sum of money to be expended upon it. It was part of Sir Harry's business to visit Marblehead and see the old fort, and thither he journeyed in the summer of 1742. Perhaps he traveled with a company of gentlemen; at all events, he probably went down on horseback. At that time Marblehead had many rich men's houses, and people rode back and forth between Boston and Marblehead on pleasure excursions. Beside the houses of the rich merchants — for

the place was a flourishing sea-port — there were little houses, in which lived sailors and fishermen, for at that time a hundred and fifty fishing vessels sailed out of Marblehead harbor, and the port was second only to Boston. Upon the mainland, not far from the fort, was the Fountain Inn, and Sir Harry rode his horse thither and dismounted. Passing into the hall, he saw the figure of a young girl, barefooted and clad as a servant, who was kneeling on the stairs with a bucket of water by her, washing the staircase. He was struck with the beauty of her form, but when she turned, hearing him come in, he was still more astonished at the beauty of her blushing face. ‘Have you no shoes?’ he asked her. But she shook her head; she was too poor to wear shoes. He gave her a silver crown-piece with which to buy her a pair, and went away. But the face of this beautiful maid stayed in his mind, and when, a few weeks later, he returned to Marblehead, he sought out Agnes Surriage. She was as barefooted as ever, and as meanly clad; for she had bought the shoes, indeed, but wore them only on Sunday. Sir Harry was fascinated by her beauty, and made inquiries concerning her. Her parents were good, poor people, who looked upon this English gentleman as a true friend, and gave their consent that he should take Agnes to Boston and have her educated.

“So Agnes Surriage went to live with Sir Harry Frankland, as if he were her guardian and she his ward. He gave her the best education that Boston had to offer, and, as she had a quick mind, she eagerly learned the pretty accomplishments that a girl of that time was wont to have. She danced and sang and read, and played on the harp, I suppose, and cared for flowers; and so year by year she grew witty, beautiful, and good. Her father, meanwhile, had died, and her mother was left poor, with a family of children; but Frank-

land was kind to them, and more than kind to Agnes. She had grown a woman now, and loved Sir Harry with more than a daughter's love. He was an affectionate fellow, but afraid, I suppose, of



Blushing Agnes Surriage.

his noble family in England, and the aristocratic people in Boston; so that he did not make Agnes his wife, as it would be held beneath him to marry the beautiful girl, since she was only a poor fisherman's daughter. But he wanted her always with him, so he built a

lordly pleasure-house in Hopkinton, about thirty miles from Boston, where a friend of his had gone to live, and there he took Agnes. Together they laid out the gardens and planted trees, and companies of Boston people would come down to visit them.

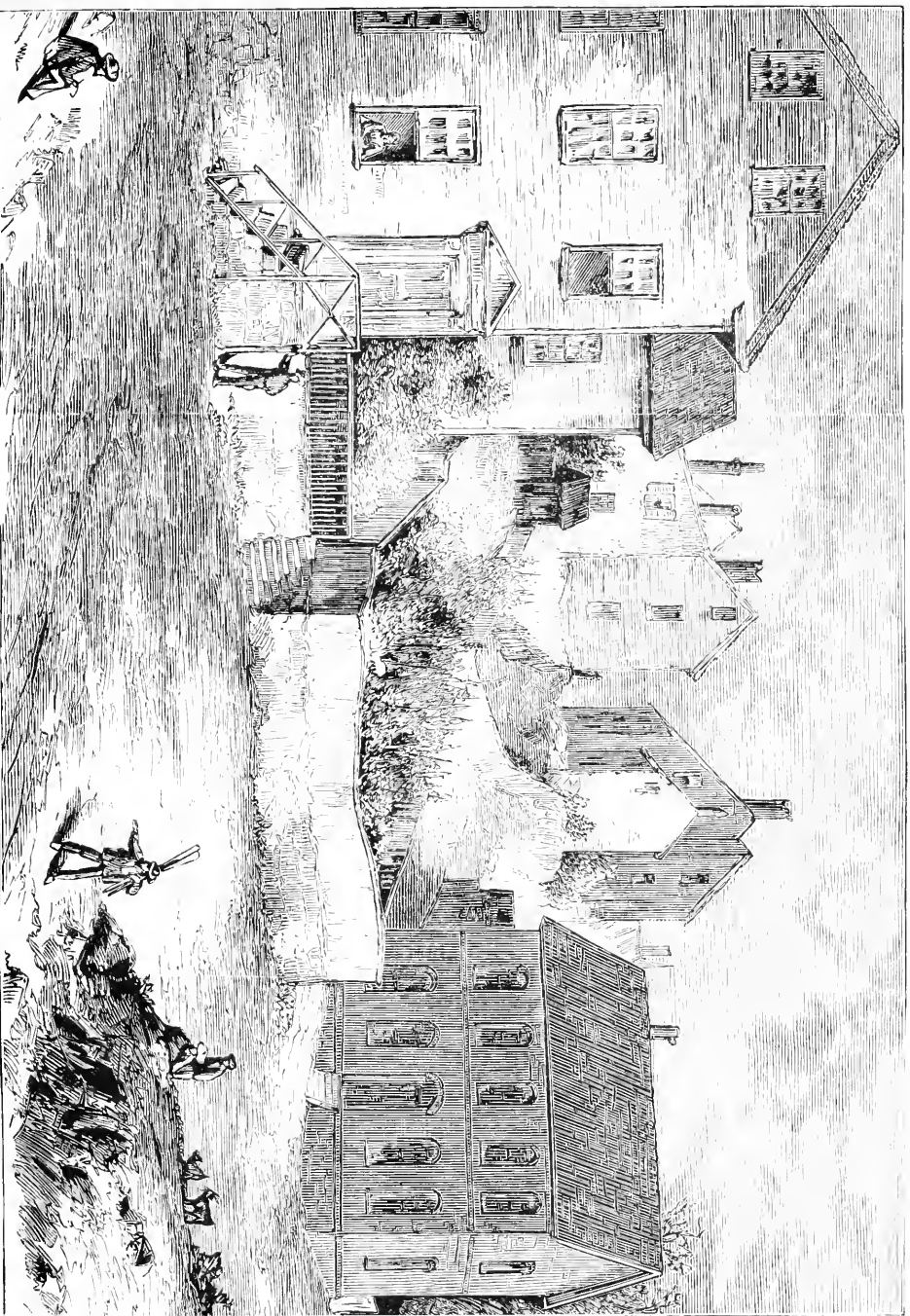
“There they lived until 1754, when Frankland was called home to England on account of some family business. He took his ward with him, and tried to make her a home among his family friends; but they looked coldly on her, and as soon as the business was over he carried Agnes with him for a tour of Europe, and finally resolved upon making Lisbon his home. At that time Lisbon was the most luxurious capital of Europe. The king was the richest sovereign, and the city was given up to pleasure and soft living.

“It was in the midst of this gayety that the terrible disaster came which our fathers could never speak of without a shudder. On November 1, 1755, All Saints Day, a great festival was holding, and the city was thronged with people. Suddenly, without warning, when the sky was clear and nature seemed at her loveliest, there was a rumbling, a heaving of the earth, and a great quaking. The shock of an earthquake was upon the city; another followed, and another; men and women and children stood frozen with terror; and then great buildings began to totter and to fall with a crash. The sun was darkened; the waves rushed roaring upon the land; and amidst the thunderous falling of buildings and the flames of burning houses thirty thousand people were destroyed. The living were only less dead than the dead. They were buried beneath walls and pillars, or rushing madly about in search of parents, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and friends. Agnes Surriage was one of the living, and she knew not whether Sir Harry Frankland was living or dead. He had gone out on horseback that morning with a lady

to a great religious celebration in the cathedral. On the way, the shock had come. His horse and his companions were killed. The lady, frantic with terror, and not knowing what she did, seized Sir Harry's arm and bit into it, through coat and all, so that a great wound was made. They were buried beneath a mass of brick and stone. Agnes, meanwhile, had gone in search of Sir Harry, and found him at last in the very peril of death. By her labor and that of men whom she brought to the place, the Englishman was drawn, wounded and bruised, from his living grave, and carried out of the city to a village near by. Here she waited upon him, and he looked upon her as his deliverer. His selfishness and weakness stared at him, and as soon as possible he sent for a priest and took Agnes Surriage to be his honored wife. It was not long before he recovered sufficiently to return to England, and on the ship which bore them they were again married according to the form of the Church of England.

"Agnes had a different position now. She had saved Sir Harry, and she was his wedded wife. So the Frankland family welcomed her to their houses, and her stay in England was very different from what it was before. Frankland afterwards returned to Lisbon as British consul, but again with Lady Frankland came to America. Here, in Boston, he bought a house, said to be the handsomest in the city, and Lady Frankland was received in the society which she had known in her school-girl days. But neither she nor Sir Harry forgot her poor mother and sisters and brothers in Marblehead. They constantly showed kindness to them, receiving them in their home. They went back again to Portugal and to England, and in 1768 Sir Harry died in England. Lady Frankland returned to America, and lived in the Hopkinton mansion until 1775, when the





FRONT STREET, MARBLEHEAD.



outbreak of hostilities brought her to Boston, and finally she went to England, where she died in 1783. Was not that a romantic history for a Marblehead servant-girl?"

"Indeed it was," said Mrs. Bodley; "and I wish we might make a pilgrimage to her house, for here we are, I see, in the town itself."

"I am afraid tradition does not point out the house, though it might easily be here in Front Street somewhere. We will play it is, at any rate."

"Since we are telling stories," said Ned, "I think I can add one which I heard from one of our fellows in college, who lived in Marblehead, though he has moved to Boston now. He told me there were doubts about some parts of the story, but I shan't tell you where the doubts are. A good many years ago two fishing vessels sailed away for a catch, the Betsey and the Active. Captain Ben Ireson, or Flood Ireson, as he was called, was captain of the Betsey, and the two vessels were manned by Marblehead fishermen.

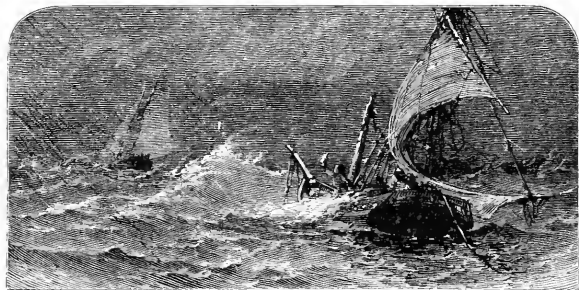
Some time after they were gone, and when their return was looked for, a terrible storm sprang up on the coast, and people went out on the rocks, looking anxiously through the wild tempest for the two vessels; but nothing could



Watching.

be seen of them, and the women could only watch and wait, as they had watched and waited before. Days passed, and at length the Betsey came into port, Captain Flood Ireson bringing her in.

Every one asked if they had seen the Active, but no one liked to answer. Little by little it came out that both vessels were in the storm off Cape Cod, and the Active was wrecked. They signaled to the Betsey to come to their help. Captain Ireson wanted to



In the Storm.

lie by and take the sailors off the wreck, but the men said, 'No, we'll not risk it;' and so they sailed off, leaving the Active to her fate. This was Ireson's story, but the sailors, to shield

themselves, laid the blame on him; and the townspeople, women and all, in their rage, seized Flood, tarred and feathered him, and mounting him on a cart pushed and pulled the cart up and down the Marblehead streets, shouting, with their hoarse cries, —

“ ‘Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt, torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt by the women o' Morble'ead!' ”

“That sounds like the old lingo of Marblehead,” said Mr. Bruce. “They have a queer way of talking here; and it's like the people, too. They're not what they were once; but I remember, when I used to come to see Helen here, I had to look out for my head at first, for the small boys would sing out, 'Let's fire a rahck at 'im;' and it was only when they came to know me better that my head was safe.”

“Now, Ben, you know you're hard on Marblehead. Why do we have so many stones here, if not to get rid of them?”

“Well, mine was n't a marblehead,” said her husband.

“See!” said Mrs. Bruce, “all the children here are not little

barbarians. Look at that boy caressing his goat ! I do not believe he would throw rocks at you, Ben.” They all looked at the little fellow on the rocky hill-side, hugging and kissing his kid, and Lucy was eager to jump down and run to speak to him, but the wagon rolled on. They did not leave it, indeed, until they could get out



Flood Ireson's Ride.

and ramble about the wharves. It was delightful to look off upon the cool water and see the boats and sloops sailing along, while children were fishing from the wharves or sailing cock-boats off the rocks.

“There is a good harbor here,” said Mr. Bruce, “so far as depth of water goes ; but it is unprotected on the east, and a northeasterly

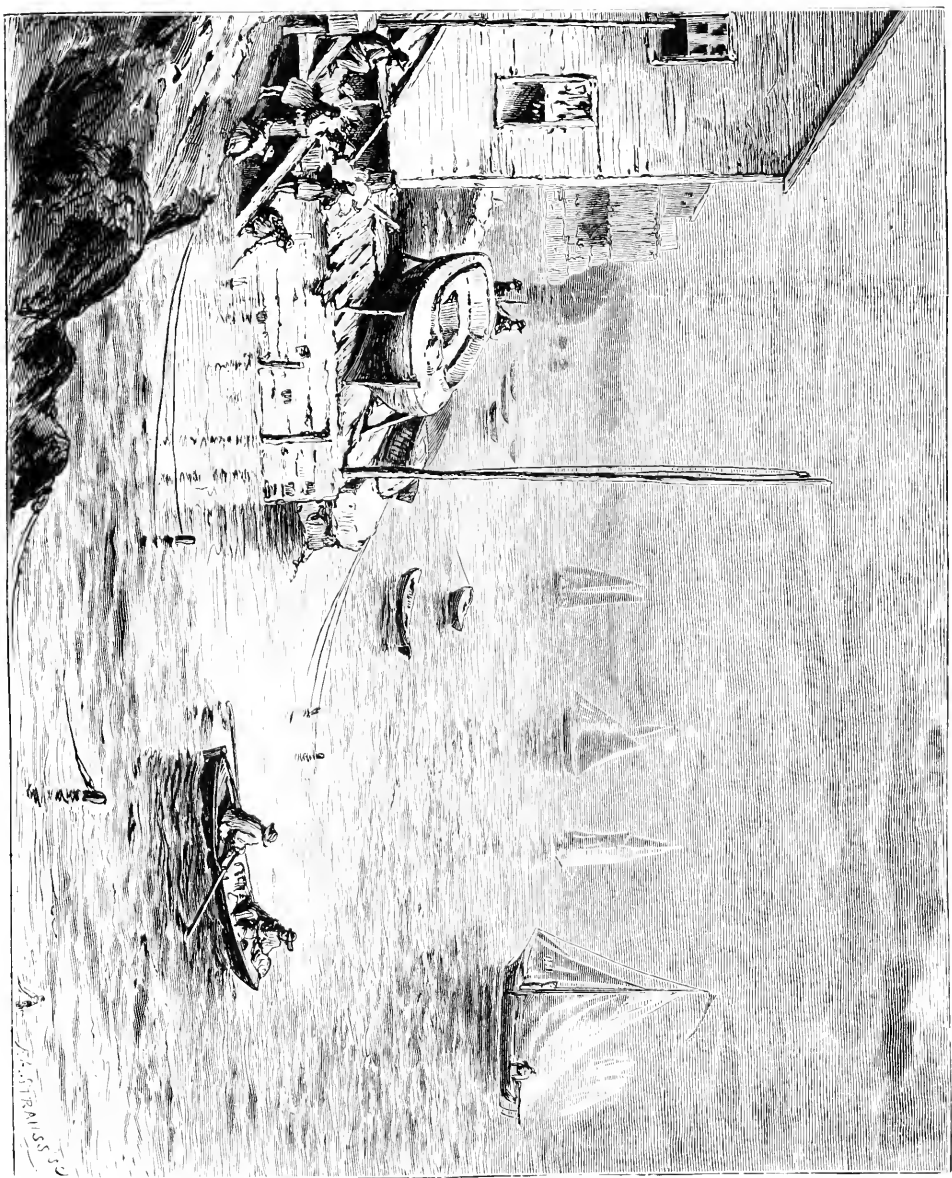
storm will drive vessels in here, when it's lucky if they find a good strip of land to be beached on. It's a fascinating life to look at, and I'm never surprised when boys go to sea, but if they could only go to sea first, I think they'd be cured of their desire sometimes."



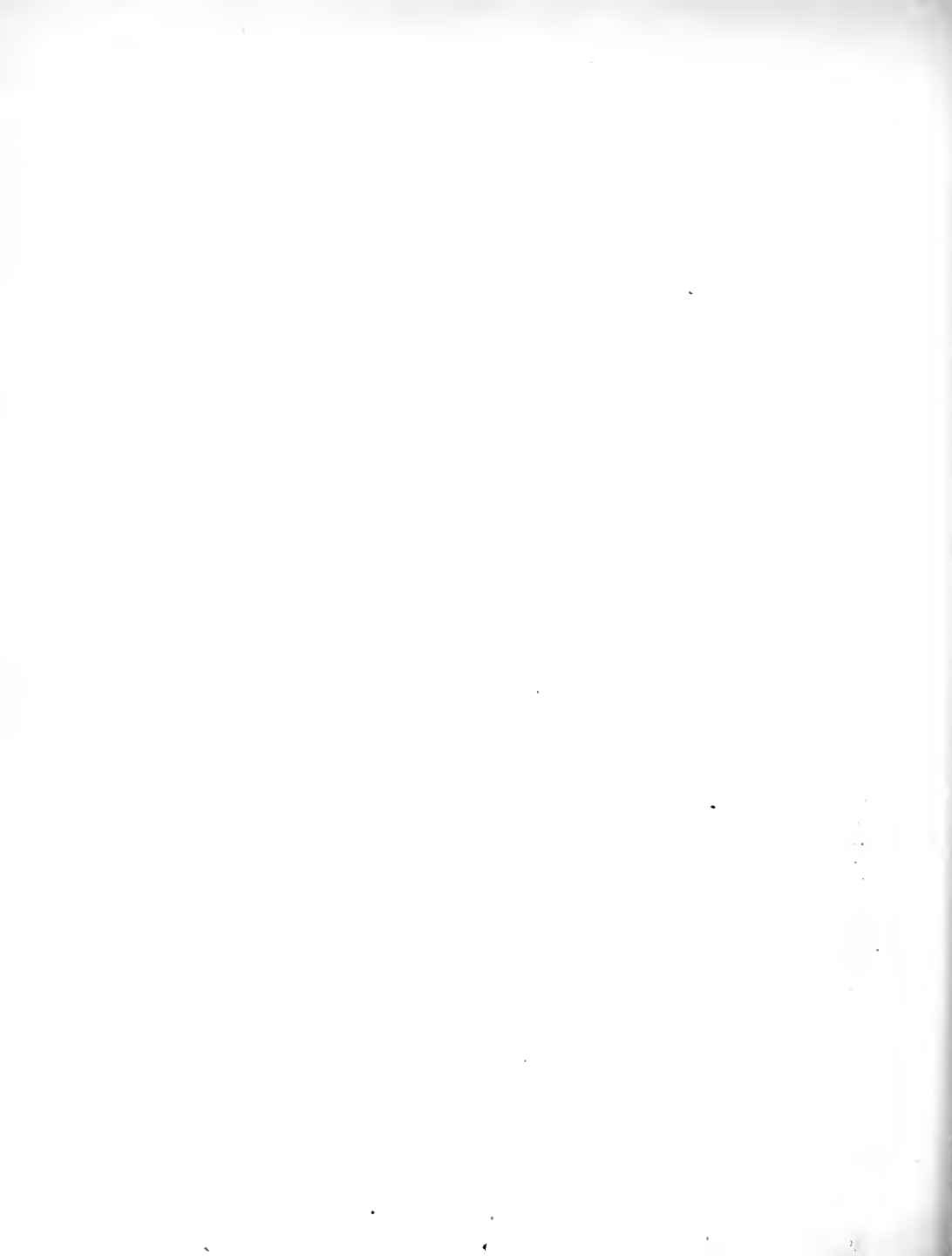
A Little Marbleheader.

"I wish I could see a ship building," said Nathan.

"You'll have a chance, Thanny," said his father, "before we get to the end of our journey, I think." The party strolled about the



ON THE WHARVES, MARBLEHEAD.





town, looked at some of the old buildings, not forgetting St. Michael's Church, that was built in 1714, and then, as evening drew near, climbed into the big wagon and drove back to Salem. The Bruces' parlor looked very homelike to the children, so hospitable were their friends, and the company made a pretty large family at the tea-table.

"I cannot get Thacher's Narrative out of my head," said Mr. Bruce. "I have been thinking of it ever since we went to Marblehead, and if you will let me, I will read it to you, for it is not long." He went to his book-shelves and took down Young's "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1636." "It is in this volume," said Mr. Bruce, "and a more simple, pathetic narrative by a plain man — for Thacher was a tailor by trade — I do not think I ever read." So he read aloud : —

#### ANTHONY THACHER'S NARRATIVE OF HIS SHIPWRECK.

I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in New England.

There was a league of perpetual friendship between my cousin Avery and myself never to forsake each other to the death ; but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation, in the same place. Now upon our arrival in New England, there was an offer made unto us. My cousin Avery was invited to Marblehead, to be their pastor in due time ; there being no church planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing. Because many there (the most being fishermen) were something loose and remiss in their behavior, my cousin Avery was

unwilling to go thither; and so, refusing, we went to Newbury, intending there to sit down. But being solicited so often both by the men of the place, and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might be to the people there, and also to the country and Commonwealth, at length we embraced it, and thither consented to go. They of Marblehead forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods.

We embarked at Ipswich August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for Marblehead, we being in all twenty-three souls, — namely, eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Eliot, sometime of New Sarum, and four mariners. The next morning, having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts we hoisted sail. But the Lord suddenly turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations. For on the 14th of this August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails, being old and done, were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm as the like was never known in New England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do; but we were driven before the wind and waves.

My cousin and I perceived our danger, and solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord of both earth and seas, expecting with every wave to be swallowed up and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes sat comforting and cheering one the other in the Lord against ghastly death,

which every moment stared us in the face and sat triumphing upon each one's forehead, we were by the violence of the waves and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission) lifted up upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock. But it raged with the stroke, which came into the pinnace, so as we were presently up to our middles in water, as we sat. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but, by reason of the rock's proportion, could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress, and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and mine own poor children so untimely (if I may so term it without offense) before mine eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces against the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them. But I must go on to an end of this woful relation.

In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnace, not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our mainmast broken in three pieces, the forepart of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned to such an end in their tender years, whereas they could scarce be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children; and both of us bewailing each other in our Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness; insomuch that, from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or outcry made; but all, as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly.

Now as I was sitting in the cabin room door, with my body in the room, when lo ! one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back cried out, "We are all cast away. The Lord have mercy upon us ! I have been washed overboard into the sea, and am gotten in again." His speeches made me look forth. And looking toward the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin, and the rest, and spake these words: "O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth." Whereupon the master of the pinnace, looking up at the scuttle hole of the quarter-deck, went out at it ; but I never saw him afterwards. Then he that had been in the sea went out again by me, and leaped overboard towards the rocks, whom afterwards also I could not see.

Now none were left in the bark, that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought I would have fled from him, and said unto me, "O cousin, leave us not, let us die together ;" and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took him by the hand, and said, "Cousin, I purpose it not. Whither shall I go ? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us and receive us to Himself ;" adding these words, "The Lord is able to keep and deliver us." He replied, saying, "Truth, cousin ; but what his pleasure is we know not. I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances. But He hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This therefore we may challenge

of Him." To which I replying said, "That is all the deliverance I now desire and expect."

Which words I had no sooner spoken, but by a mighty wave I was, with the piece of the bark, washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned. But recovering my feet, I saw above me, on the rock, my daughter Mary. To whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin Avery and his eldest son came to us; being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole on the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnacle to come unto us, supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing us there, was crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck, to come unto us. But presently came another wave, and dashing the pinnacle all to pieces, carried my wife away in the scuttle, as she was, with the greater part of the quarter-deck, unto the shore; where she was cast safely, but her legs were something bruised. And much timber of the vessel being there also cast, she was some time before she could get away, being washed by the waves. All the rest that were in the bark were drowned in the merciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock also into the sea; the Lord, in one instant of time, disposing of fifteen souls of us according to his good pleasure and will.

His pleasure and wonderful great mercy to me was thus. Standing on the rock, as before you heard, with my eldest daughter, my cousin, and his eldest son, looking upon and talking to them in the bark, when as we were by that merciless wave washed off the rock as before you heard, God, in his mercy, caused me to fall, by the stroke of the wave, flat on my face; for my face was toward the sea. Insomuch, that as I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the

Lord directed my toes into a joint in the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers, with my right hand, by means whereof, the wave leaving me, I remained so, hanging on the rock, only my head above the water ; when on the left hand I espied a board or plank of the pinnacle. And as I was reaching out my left hand to lay hold on it, by another coming over the top of the rock I was washed away from the rock, and by the violence of the waves was driven hither and thither in the seas a great while, and had many dashes against the rocks. At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I even gave over to nature ; and being ready to receive in the waters of death, I lifted up both my heart and hands to the God of heaven. For note, I had my senses remaining perfect with me all the time that I was under and in water, who at that instant lifted my head above the top of the water, that so I might breathe without any hindrance by the waters. I stood bolt upright, as if I had stood upon my feet ; but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing for to stand upon but the waters.

While I was thus above the water, I saw by me a piece of the mast, as I suppose, about three feet long, which I labored to catch into my arms. But suddenly I was overwhelmed with water, and driven to and fro again, and at last I felt the ground again with my right foot. When immediately, whilst I was thus groveling on my face, I presently, recovering my feet, was in the water up to my breast, and through God's great mercy had my face unto the shore, and not to the sea. I made haste to get out ; but was thrown down on my hands with the waves, and so with safety crept to the dry shore, where, blessing God, I turned about to look for my children and friends, but saw neither, nor any part of the pinnacle, where I left them, as I supposed. But I saw my wife about a butt length

from me, getting herself forth from amongst the timber of the broken bark ; but before I could get unto her, she was gotten to the shore. I was in the water, after I was washed from the rock, before I came to the shore, a quarter of an hour at least.

When we were come each to other, we went and sat under the bank. But fear of the seas roaring, and our coldness, would not suffer us there to remain. But we went up into the land, and sat us down under a cedar-tree, which the wind had thrown down, where we sat about an hour, almost dead with cold. But now the storm was broken up, and the wind was calm ; but the sea remained rough and fearful to us. My legs were much bruised, and so was my head. Other hurt had I none, neither had I taken in much quantity of water. But my heart would not let me sit still any longer ; but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children ; but I could find none, neither dead, nor yet living.

You condole with me my miseries, who now began to consider of my losses. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner how and when I last saw and left my children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace ; my little babe (ah, poor Peter !) sitting in his sister Edith's arms, who to the uttermost of her power sheltered him from the waters ; my poor William standing close unto them, all three of them looking ruefully on me on the rock, their very countenances calling unto me to help them ; whom I could not go unto, neither could they come at me, neither would the merciless waves afford me space or time to use any means at all either to help them or myself. Oh, I yet see their cheeks, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands. Then, on the other side, to consider

the loss of my dear friends, with the spoiling and loss of all our goods and provisions, myself cast upon an unknown land, in a wilderness, I knew not where, nor how to get thence. Then it came to my mind how I had occasioned the death of my children, who caused them to leave their native land, who might have left them there, yea, and might have sent some of them back again, and cost me nothing. These and such like thoughts do press down my heavy heart very much.

But I must let this pass, and will proceed on in the relation of God's goodness unto me in that desolate island on which I was cast. I and my wife were almost naked, both of us, and wet and cold even unto death. I found a snap sack cast on the shore, in which I had a steel, and flint, and powder-horn. Going further, I found a drowned goat; then I found a hat, and my son William's coat, both which I put on. My wife found one of her petticoats, which she put on. I found also two cheeses and some butter, driven ashore. Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us, and means also to make fire, for in a horn I had some gunpowder, which, to my own, and since to other men's admiration, was dry. So taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies; and then skinned the goat, and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water. Bread we had none.

There we remained until the Monday following; when, about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island, which I named after my name, Thacher's Woe, and the rock, Avery his Fall, to the end that their fall and loss, and mine own, might be had in perpetual remem-



brance. In the isle lieth buried the body of my cousin's eldest daughter, whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following, in the afternoon, we arrived at Marblehead.

There was quiet after Mr. Bruce had ended. Somehow the story, though so old, affected them more than if it had come from the evening paper. The older people knew that no evening paper would print so simple and unadorned a tale. In a little while Emily Bruce went to the piano and struck the keys. The children gathered about her. It was a pity that they should go to bed with so sad a story on their minds, and they sang sweet and joyous songs, but they could not be hilarious.

"The sea is terrible," said Mrs. Bodley, and so they all thought.

Years afterward, the children read this poem by Whittier, that was suggested by Thacher's Narrative. They could not read it without remembering the story which they heard Mr. Bruce read from the old chronicles.

#### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop Watch and Wait.

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,  
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first born,  
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green, —  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

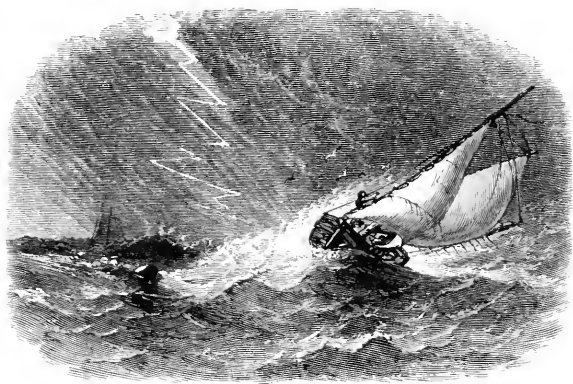
Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed ; at nightfall the pleasant land breeze died ;  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock and wood and sand ;  
Grimly anxious stood the skipper, with the rudder in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore ;  
“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on before  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide ;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.



There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,  
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,  
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,  
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,  
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind :  
“ All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find !  
“ In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word !  
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard !  
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ our Lord !

“ In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,  
And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin !  
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven and let me enter in ! ”

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear  
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God’s ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant’s last request ;  
As the strong wave swept him downward, the sweet hymn upward pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead ;  
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read :  
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers out bound, or scudding from the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,  
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery’s Fall !

## CHAPTER IX.

## ALONG THE SHORE TO CAPE ANN.

WHEN Wednesday morning came, the children were really loth to leave their friends, and the Bruces found it so hard to see the Bodleys drive away, that Mr. Bruce suddenly ran off to the queer rookery of a livery-stable that was near by, and ordered a horse and carry-all to be brought round to his door, and while the families were still exchanging adieux, the carriage drove up, and he called out, —

“Come, come, jump in; we are going to escort the Bodleys out of town;” and the Bruces tumbled into the carry-all and away went the whole party, the Bruces before, the Bodleys behind, and Ned Adams on horseback riding back and forth from his party to Emily Bruce’s.

“Your road will be in sight of the sea almost all of the way,” said she, and Ned wheeled his horse about, rode gallantly back and recited: —

“She says your road will be in sight of the sea almost all of the way;” and then he returned for a fresh message.

“You must keep a lookout for some queer blinds in Manchester. They are on a house that looks like a work-box.” Ned carried the report back: —

“You must keep a lookout for some queer blinds in Manchester. They are on a house that looks like a work-box.”

“Ask her how a work-box looks,” said Mr. Bodley, and Ned put the question: —

“Uncle Charles wants to know if you can tell him what a work-box is.”

"Something to make you mend your ways," said she ; and Ned took the words back with him. At Beverly Farms, Mr. Bruce drew to one side, and as the Bodley family came abreast of him, he said : —

" We must turn back here, and sorry I am to say it. You can't miss the road, but if you do, come back to Salem and we'll start you again." The Bodleys waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave three cheers to the Bruces, which the Bruces returned vigorously.

" I wonder why people always give three cheers," said Nathan, as they drove on.

" To be sure," said his father ; " or else three times three. We never hear four cheers, or two times three, or seven. I think you are going to be a philosopher, Nathan."

" But why do they ? "

" I am puzzled to say. Perhaps because three is a perfect number ; but so is seven a sacred one. I suspect it's in the nature of things."

" Now, I tell you, Mr. Bodley," said Martin, " I've often thought of that, and I asked Hen once what he thought, and he said, says Hen, ' Why,' says he, ' you cheer once, but that ain't enough ; and you cheer again and your voice goes up, but it only goes half-way ; and then you cheer a third time and you get there.' "

" Hen's the man," said Mr. Bodley. " Depend upon it, he's found it out. I'd like to see that brother of yours, Martin."

" Well, he talks of coming East this summer, and I guess he'll look round for me."

" I shall know him when I see him," said Mr. Bodley.

" He don't look much like me, any way," said Martin.

" I've seen his picture," said Lucy. " He's splendid."

"He's got rings in his ears," said Phippy, who had also seen the picture, and was very much impressed by that.

"That ain't his fault," said Martin; "his eyes hurt him. They're very small."

"Too small for what he wants to see?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, I mean the rings, not his eyes," said Martin, with a chuckle.

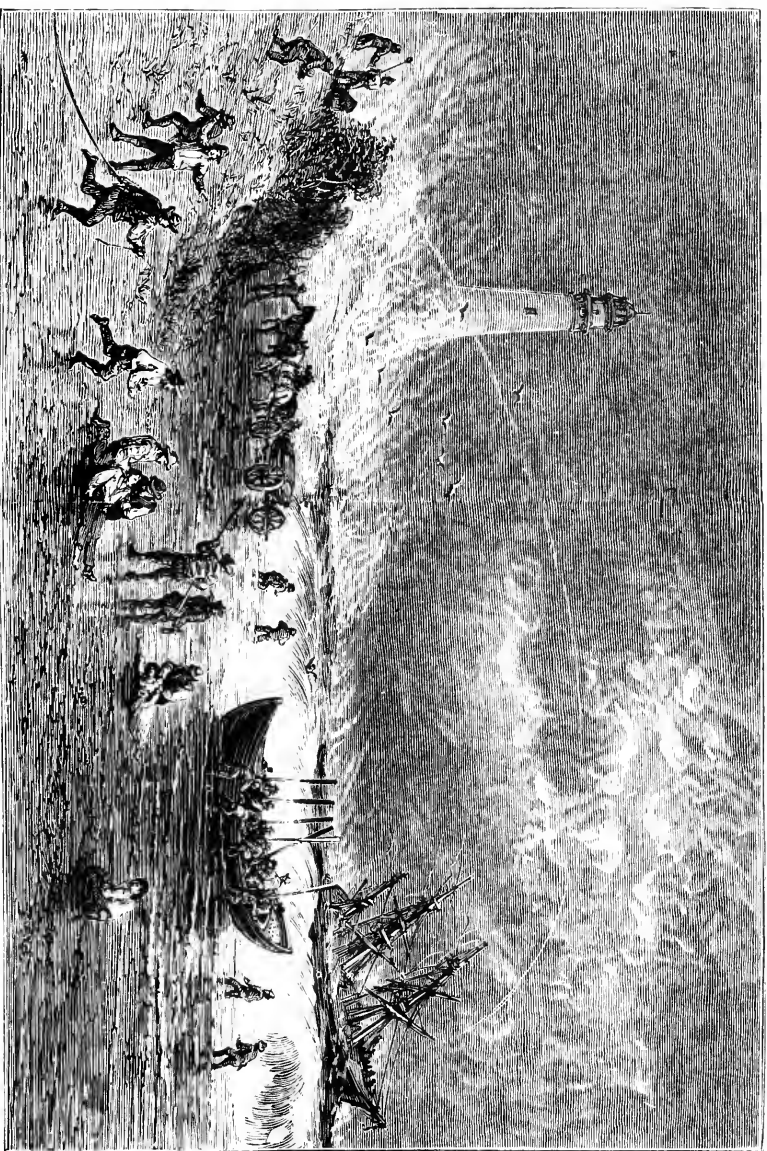
"She says it's Great Misery," said Ned Adams, suddenly appearing by the side of the carry-all.

"How you do startle one, Ned," said his aunt. "Great misery to have you leave her?"

"She did n't say that," said Ned. "But that's Great Misery," and he pointed with his whip to an island that lay in full view from the road, for every little while now they caught glimpses of the sea, of ships sailing by, and of rocks and islands.

"Father," said Nathan, "I've been thinking about Anthony Thacher and Mr. Avery, and I don't see why ships don't always get wrecked when a big storm comes, and they are near the coast."

"There are a good many shipwrecks, Thanny, and some are unavoidable, but others come from the ignorance or carelessness or bad habits of the captain and crew. There are many more ships, however, that weather the storms than are wrecked by them, for ships are made or should be made to stand rough water as well as still water. But even when wrecks occur, especially in an old settled country, there are almost always means at hand for saving life. Along our coast from Maine to Florida, there are something like four thousand men, I believe, who make a business of saving the lives and property that are in peril when ships are wrecked, and they have their families who help. Then light-houses are placed in



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.





the dangerous places and at the entrance of harbors, and charts and maps are made to point out to sailors where shoals and rocks are. But sometimes a ship gets on the rocks or sand, even when the light-house warns it, and the wreckers, as they are called, are on the lookout for such unfortunate vessels. They build bonfires and throw rockets and lights to direct the men on the ship, and put out through the breakers with life-boats and life-cars and all manner of life-saving apparatus. The life-boat is as near perfection in boat-building as seems possible. It is a mere shell, but so built that it rights itself, and though upset by the waves, if the men in it only cling to the thwarts or sides, they will find themselves sometimes almost untouched by the water, as the boat has turned a complete somersault. The boat is furnished with ropes, and the men have corks to help them float if they get tossed into the water; but the men themselves are the best part of the apparatus, for it is their valor that saves the lives.

“The life-car is a comparatively recent invention. It is a cigar-shaped object, air-tight and water-tight, into which two or three persons can creep and lie closely secured inside. The life-car is towed through the waves by the men in the life-boat, with a rope attached to each end. Thus, one rope being given to the men on board the ship, the life-car can be hauled to the ship, passengers stowed away in it, and then hauled through the waves on to the beach by the other rope, and sent back for another trip, till all the people on board are saved.”



Interior of Life-car.

As Mr. Bodley finished telling about the life-boats and life-cars they drove into the old village of Manchester, and began to look out for the blinds that Emily Bruce wanted them to see. They

were amused at the dumpy square buildings with houses on deck, as Ned said ; they were the work-boxes, and the children guessed that old sea-captains built them, and spent most of their time gazing out of the windows upon the sea. The blinds they discovered. They were nothing but lattice-work blinds, after all, but the children had never seen anything like them.



Hauling the Life-car Ashore.

“They make me think of the blue blinds they have on Cape Cod,” said Mrs. Bodley. “I suppose people thought green was too common, and they would have blue for variety ; and this man, I fancy, thought he would not have the old tiresome slats, and contrived this square lattice blind. But there is generally a reason for common things, and I have no doubt he wishes he had slats.”

The day was so lovely that no one was in a hurry to get to Gloucester, so they turned off from the road and drove by a lane to the Manchester beach, and pattered along on the sand. The children all got out from the carriage and scampered over the hard beach floor. They saw the little sand-pipers running along with their

bare legs, racing over the beach as if they enjoyed it, and they soon followed their example, pulled off their own shoes and stockings, and let the broken waves crawl over their feet. Mr. Bottom enjoyed it too, and when Mr. Bodley ordered his little company back into the carry-all, Ned good-naturedly gave up Mr. Bottom to Nathan, and took Nathan's place in the carry-all.



Along the Shore.

After they left Manchester they had but little sea-view until they came in sight of Gloucester. There they knew nobody. Try as hard as he could, Mr. Bodley could not seem to remember any one who had ever lived in Gloucester.

“We shall have to make some new acquaintance here,” said he. “We’ll look round and pick out the likeliest person to know.”

“I should like him to be an old salt,” said Nathan.

“There ought to be plenty of old salts here,” said his father, “and after dinner we will climb that hill that overlooks the town,

and get a good view of the place, and pick out an old salt for Nathan." The party put up at a little inn which could just about hold them, and was fortunately empty at the time; and after dinner they all sauntered out to get the view of the town and the old salt, for whom Nathan looked about very hard.

"How old must your salt be?" asked Ned. "I suppose you'll look for him in a cellar."

"No, he'll be outside the door of his house, mending his nets," said Nathan, who was not to be chaffed. The road led off from the Essex road, and climbed a hill, and it was up there that they were pretty sure of finding a good view. They left the road and toiled up the hilly slope, keeping a little way from a steep-roofed house which was there, but as they came by its side, a man stepped out of the door and looked narrowly at them. Mr. Bodley turned aside from his party and spoke to him.

"Good afternoon," said he. "I am taking my family up your hill to show them the view from the top. I hope I'm not trespassing."

"Not a bit of it," said the man. "Hold on a shake, and I'll go with you," and he turned back into the house, but came out presently with a spy-glass in his hand. "There!" said he. "I guess we can see with that. It ain't lost its sight yet, though I can't see quite as well as I used to."

"Then you've used this glass a good while, have n't you?" said Mr. Bodley.

"Well, yes; that glass has cocked its eye at a good many foreign lands and strange craft, and looked out for mackerel schools."

"He's your old salt," whispered Ned to Nathan, with a nudge of his elbow. "He ought to be mending nets, but he is n't."

"Eh, what's that?" said the man, who had not lost his hearing



NATHAN'S OLD SALT, AS HE INTENDED HIM TO BE.



at any rate. "An old salt, young man? I should n't wonder. There is n't much fresh water about me." He had a husky voice that sounded rather angry until one looked in his face, and a way of turning sharp upon one who spoke to him, that came probably from a good many quick orders in his sea-faring life. "I'm shipwrecked up here, my wife tells me, but I don't mind it so much now. I suppose I've got used to being ashore. How old do you think I am?" No one liked to guess. "I'm a historic fellow, I am," he went on. "I was born to the tune of the Declaration, July 4, 1776; could n't have hit it closer if I'd tried."

"Have you always lived in Gloucester?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"When I have n't been on the water. I've been everywhere and caught everything, — Britishers, fish, and fevers."

"Oh, were you in the Revolutionary War?" exclaimed Phippy.

"Well, no, sissy, not exactly. I would have been if I had n't been born on Independence Day, when it was too late for me to do much. But I was in the War of 1812. Father, he was in the Revolutionary War. He was on the Gloucester when she went down, under Captain John Colson. You've heard of her, eh?"

"I don't remember about her," said Mr. Bodley, speaking for the family.

"Don't you, now? Well, I guess you would if you'd had a corposant come to your house."

"A what?"

"A corposant. Why, the Gloucester carried eighteen guns and had a crew of a hundred and thirty men. She was out cruising, and took the Two Friends and a fishing brig, the Spark, and sent 'em into port. But the Gloucester never came back. There were sixty wives here that were made widows, and my mother was one

of 'em; and every one of those sixty widows, and other people too, saw a corposant going about the town and stopping at the houses where the men had lived."

"What is a corposant?" asked Nathan.

"Well, I can't exactly describe it, sonny. It's a ball of light. that's what it is. I've seen 'em many a dark night playing round the rigging."

"Hen's seen one," said Martin.

"Who's Hen, young man?"

"He's my brother. He's a sailor."

"Then he's seen a corposant."

"Was the Gloucester a schooner?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"No, sir. She was a brig, and I've heard tell she was n't built properly, but I don't know. Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner, here in Gloucester. They had n't had any schooner before, but he had a notion to build one, and as she went slipping off the stocks into the water when she was launched, somebody called out, 'Oh, how she soon!' and Captain Robinson, he sings out, 'A schooner let her be.'"

"Well, but what does it mean to soon?" asked Ned.

"Did n't ye ever skip ducks and drakes on a mill-pond?"

"Yes, plenty of times."

"Well, that's to soon. That Captain Robinson was a smart fellow. Perhaps ye never heard tell of how he came it over the Indians?" No one looked as if they had heard, but all as if they wanted to, and the old salt went on. "Well, he was a mighty strong fellow, and he always had his wits about him. He was off to the eastward with his sloop and a couple of men, when the Indians surprised him and caught 'em all. They killed the men, but kept



the captain, so 's to kill him slowly like, and have a good time over him: those old savages didn't think it much fun to kill a man off-hand. Captain Robinson had some rum on board his sloop, and the Indians took to drinking. Pretty soon they were all dead drunk except one fellow, who kept awake to look after the prisoner. Captain Robinson lay low and made believe sleep, till all the rest were snoring except the guard. He watched his chance and killed him, but didn't make any noise to wake the rest. Then he made for his sloop, for they had caught him ashore, and set sail, but he hadn't been gone long before the Indians woke up and began looking round for Robinson. There he was in his sloop, making all sail, and they took to their canoes and pulled out after him. There wasn't much wind, and they came up with the sloop pretty soon and yelled like all get out, thinking they'd got him this time. But Captain Robinson, he'd gone and strewed the deck all along with scupper nails, points up."

"What are scupper nails?"

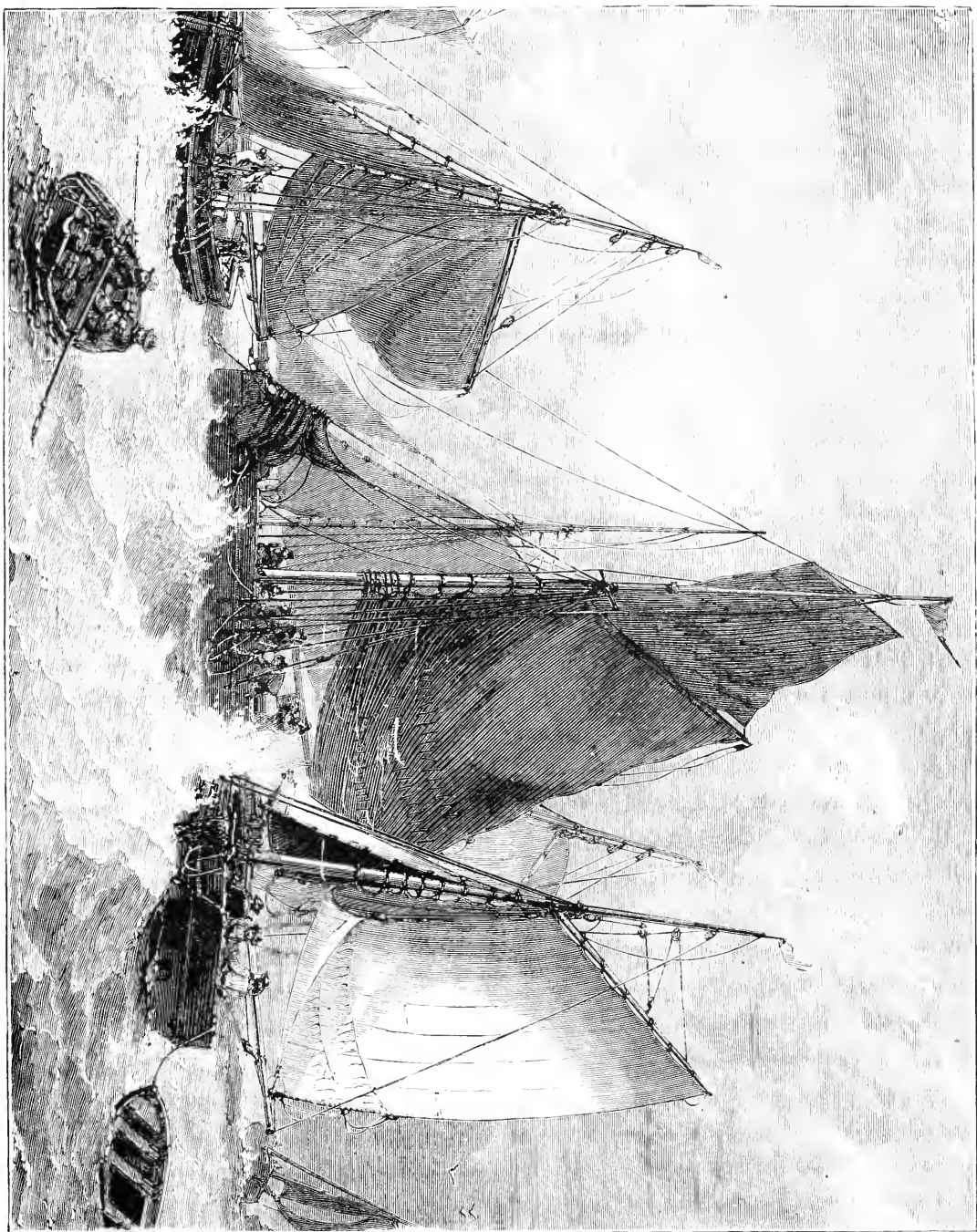
"They're what are used to fasten leather down round a ship's scuppers, — short, sharp nails, with big, flat heads, so that they can sit cozily and don't tumble over easily. He'd sprinkled the deck pretty thickly with these nails, and the first lot of savages that jumped over the sloop's side, tomahawk in hand, yelling at him, jumped right on to these scupper nails with their naked feet, and tumbled slap down on the deck, and didn't like that any better, and Captain Robinson, who was a mighty strong fellow, just tackled each fellow — he had shoes on, you see — and pitched him neck and crupper into the sea; and the rest of the Indians, when they saw their friends coming back so quick and lively, just put their canoes round about and rowed to land as fast as ever they could, and Cap-

tain Robinson sailed away and came back to Gloucester to tell about it."

"When you play Indian again, Nathan," said Ned, "you can put a lot of carpet tacks points up, and see how you like jumping on them."

"The British did something like it," said Mr. Bodley; "for they had crows' feet sown in the streets of Boston just before they evacuated the town, when they were expecting an attack of cavalry. These crows' feet, which were three-pronged irons, would have been bad things for the horses' feet. What a fine view we have from here."

"You may say that," said the old salt. "That's Ten Pound Island down there, and that's Eastern Point over yonder. There's a good pond of fresh water there. You ought to see the harbor, though, when there's a fleet of fishermen in it. It's livelier than it is on the Hudson when they're fishing for shad, and I've been there. Why, they packed about forty thousand barrels of mackerel here last year. They get 'em mostly down to Chaleur, but they get halibut and cod on George's Bank. I can remember when we first went fishing there. 'Tain't more than twenty-five years since there was n't a schooner ever went to that shoal, and now they bring in so many halibut that they have to throw away a good deal in the harbor here; to be sure, they don't throw away much but the poorer sort. But it ain't all plain sailing, going after fish. There was the Princeton, in '51, went down, ten men lost; and the Flirt, the same fall, was lost in Bay St. Lawrence with fourteen men; and the Ocean Queen with eight men. We don't know much about it. They sail away and then they don't come back, and we watch for 'em and they don't come, and then after a while we give up watch-



FISHING SMACKS.



ing for 'em, all but the women. That's Thacher's Island off there, where you see them two light-houses."

"Oh, is that where Parson Avery was wrecked?" asked Nathan.

"When was that?"

"Ever so long ago. When was it, papa?"

"It was in 1635. Yes, Thacher's Island was named from Anthony Thacher, who told that sorrowful story that Mr. Bruce read to us yesterday evening. Can we see Norman's Woe from here?"

"No, sir, it lies off there, round that point of land. Have you been there? Have you seen Rafe's Crack?"

"We are going this afternoon," said Mr. Bodley, "and I think we must start pretty soon, too, if we want to get there. Rafe's Crack did you say?"

"Yes, sir; some folks call it Rafe's Chasm. I like the old name. I'd go with you, but my old bones are rather stiff. Going to walk?"

"Yes, we thought we could keep along the edge of the cliff."

"Well, you can, but it's pretty rough walking. There's a road, if you want to try it."

"Oh, we're good for walking. My children are used to that."

"That's a good idee, sir. It won't do 'em any harm. I don't walk myself very much; sailors don't generally. But just you see that they walk in the way of the Lord, sir. No offense. Take an old sea-captain's word for it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bodley, smiling and taking the old salt's hand. "Now we must say good-by, but whom shall I say good-by to?"

"Captain Sanderson, sir, at your service."

"I am Mr. Bodley, of Boston, and this is the Bodley family."

“Well, good-by to you, Mr. Bodley, and I wish the Bodley family good luck.”

“Good-by!” shouted the children, as they scampered down the hill-side, leaving Captain Sanderson to limp into his little house, where he watched the party through his spy-glass.

It was a long walk to Norman's Woe and Rafe's Chasm, but it was such a wild scene all the way, after they got into the woods and could look off and down upon the sea, that the children were full of excitement. They stood at length upon the cliff and looked off upon the savage rock that rose like a whale's back near the shore, a white line of breakers showing where the ledge united it with the mainland. The waves dashed up upon it, flung high into the air, and from the hollow caves the water rushed out again. There was something singularly weird and untamed about this barren rock, and to the children it was made more terrible by the poem which they had read before they left their home. Mrs. Bodley knew that they would see Norman's Woe, so she had read to them the poem lately written by the poet Longfellow; and now, standing on the cliff, while the sea roared below, Nathan, taking off his cap, recited the poem, gesturing much and pointing now and then at the scene of the mournful disaster, while the rest of the company stood about him in a semicircle.

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.



The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his month,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,  
Oh say what may it be?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"



“O father! I see a gleaming light;  
Oh say what may it be?”  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool;  
But the cruel rocks they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho, ho ! the breakers roared !



At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,



To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

"The place is down on the old maps as Norman's Oh, and it is called so in many papers," said Mr. Bodley.

"Norman's Oh, Norman's Woe," said Ned, repeating the words. "Uncle Charles, I have an idea ! That is n't Woe at all, and when they spelled it Oh they were nearer the mark. You know I've been studying Danish a little. Well, island, in the Norse tongue, is Oe, and Norman's Oe is the Norseman's Island."

"You're a little too fast, Ned, like a good many young philologists. Is Norman the Danish or the Norse for Northman or Norseman ?"

"Yes, Norman or Normand."

"But who gave it the name ? If Englishmen, why should they call it by a Norse name ? If Norsemen, who were they, and how came the name to stick to a rock without any Norsemen about to keep it alive ?"

"Could n't the Northmen have named it ?"

"They might have named it anything they chose, but unless they painted the name in big letters on it, I am afraid it would not have held. The Northmen when they came went away again, and no

English people came for six hundred years. The Indians would never have kept the name for them. No, depend upon it, somebody by the name of Norman was wrecked there long ago. 'Don't you remember that in Thacher's Narrative, which Mr. Bruce read to us, he says he named the island on which he was wrecked Thacher's Woe? So you see they were used to giving that sorrowful name. Now for Rafe's Crack or Rafe's Chasm.'

It was not very far from where they stood to the singular fissure in the rocks which bore this name. They drew to the edge of the chasm and looked cautiously over the edge. The crack was not over ten feet in width, but they looked down to a depth of sixty feet or more, and watched the water swirling at the base, rushing two hundred feet into the dark recesses of the ledge. There was a thundering of the sea in that pent-up chamber, and the children were fascinated by the changing colors, from delicate sea-green to the foamy white of the breaking water. It rushed round a great rock that lay at the bottom of the chasm, and every now and then there was quiet and stillness as the water receded from its blow and lay for a moment as if exhausted by its struggle. The rough rocks of the ledge made it easy to have a secure footing, yet they were each half afraid of the place, and all drew a long breath as they left the chasm, walked through the woods to a road, and so by another and a longer path made their way back to Gloucester.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

THURSDAY morning found the Bodleys refreshed by their sleep, though they all declared that they had lain awake half the night listening to the booming of the waves on the beach near by.

"I think there's a storm brewing," said the landlord, "but I don't believe you'll get it before this afternoon."

"Then I'm afraid we must give up the drive round the cape," said Mr. Bodley. "We should like to have driven round by Rockport and Pigeon Cove, but we must make Rowley this afternoon, and I don't care to drive in the rain." There were no very apparent signs of rain yet, but the landlord professed to know a storm was coming by the sound of the waves on the shore. So when breakfast was over the horses were brought and the party started on the road to Essex.

"Papa," said Nathan, who was sitting on the front seat with his father and Martin, and occasionally taking lessons in driving, "this is a pretty good span that I am driving. I think we ought to have names for them."

"They call them Tom and Dick," said Martin.

"Ned's horse ought to be Harry, then," said Mr. Bodley. "But you can name them over again, Nathan, if you don't like their names. What will you call them?"

"I think Time and Tide would be good names," said Mrs. Bodley.

"But they're both going," said Nathan, "and, besides, they stand without tying."

“Oh, I named them so because they are so swift and so prompt.”

“I know why,” said Phippy. “Time and Tide wait for no man.”

“To be sure!”

“Hoh! I didn’t know you meant that,” said Nathan. Time and Tide trotted steadily over the road. The children played at traveling whist, and Ned was very efficient driving cocks and hens from one side of the road to the other in the most obliging manner and very impartially, for he said he was on both sides of the game. They saw two boys swinging in a birch-tree, and as they drove away from the sea they still could descry glittering white sand, and, as they thought, white sails upon distant blue water; for the whole coast thereabout is broken by marshes, estuaries, and creeks.

“I should n’t wonder if we saw some ship-building at Essex,” said Mr. Bodley, “or at least the building of schooners and brigs.”

“But Essex is n’t on the water, is it?” asked Nathan.

“It has a river that flows into the sea, and the boat-building goes on by that. It used to be more famous once than now for building ships.”

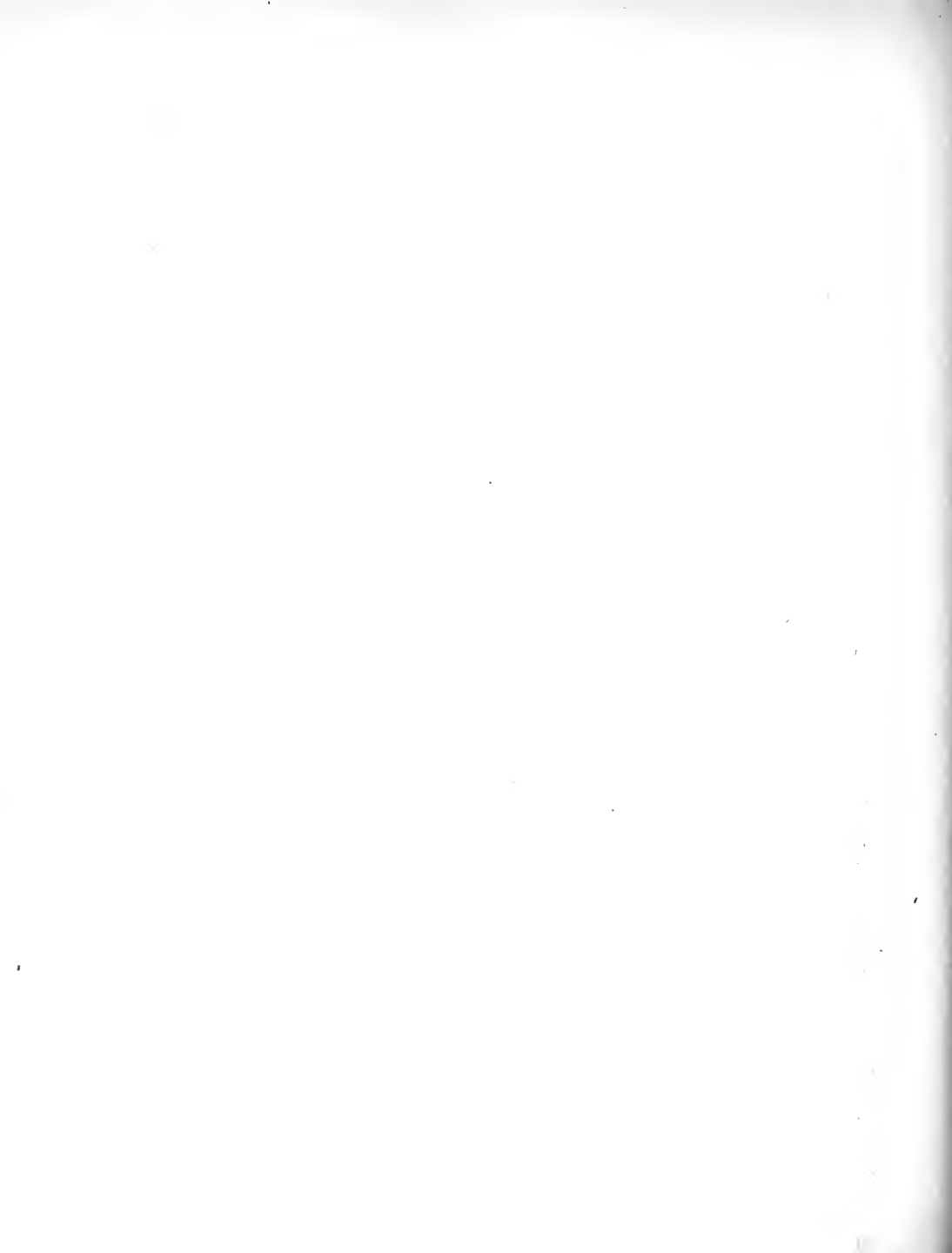
“I’d like to see a real man-of-war,” said Phippy, “like the Royal George or the Great Harry.”

“Ah,” said Mrs. Bodley, “I suppose you are thinking of the description of the Great Harry, —

“‘With bows and stem raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.’



SWINGING ON A BIRCH.

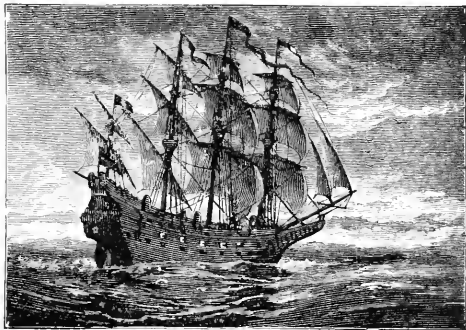




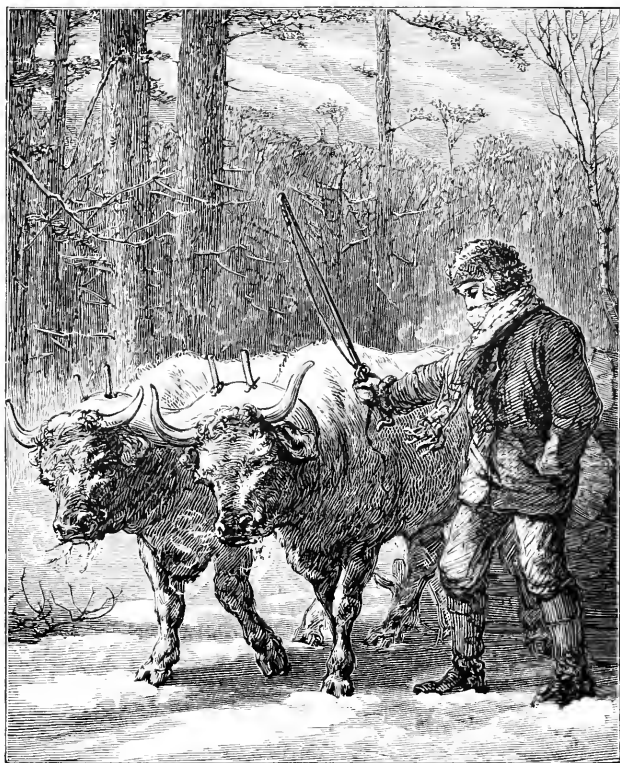
You will hardly see anything like that at Essex, and the carving-knife at home, made from the wreck of the Royal George, will have to answer."

"Did you ever see a ship built, Martin?" asked Nathan.

"No, I never saw a ship built, but I've helped to build one."



The Great Harry.



Hauling Wood for a Ship.

“Why, how could you?”

“Oh, I’ve hauled wood that went to make a ship, I guess, up in the country where I lived.”

“I should n’t wonder,” said Lucy, “if we should see in Essex the



The Master and the Builder.

very ship that Martin helped to build.” They were now in sight of the village, and as they drove into the high road and crossed the bridge over the Essex River, sure enough, there were half a dozen vessels in process of building, and it was a lively scene to see the

men hammering and sawing and hoisting and fitting. They drove leisurely along, and when they came to the end of the bridge and near the ship-yards, Mr. Bodley stopped the horses, and all got out to get a nearer view of the work. They saw a couple of men standing together, one much older than the other, and looking at something that the older man held. They drew near curiously, and the pair looked up. It was a model of a vessel which they were examining. They bowed, and Mr. Bodley accosted them.

“Good morning. I am driving with my children through Essex County, and we stopped to see the ship-building. The children have never seen anything of the sort. May we walk about?”

“And welcome,” said the man. “Joe, here, will show you about. Joe’s my son, and is building that brig over yonder.”

“You are a builder, too, are you not?”

“Yes, I’ve built a good many ships in my day. I build them still, but I like the modeling best, and I do a bit at carving of figure-heads now and then.”

“Don’t you remember Deacon Drowne?” whispered Phippy to Lucy, for they had been reading Hawthorne’s story.

“I carved a figure-head of my daughter once,” said the old man proudly. “They say the hair was done first-rate; but here, Joe, you take these folks over to the brig and show them about.” They followed Joe and watched with interest all that he could show them. Especially were they curious to see the men caulking the seams. They drove their wedges into the seams and forced them into a still

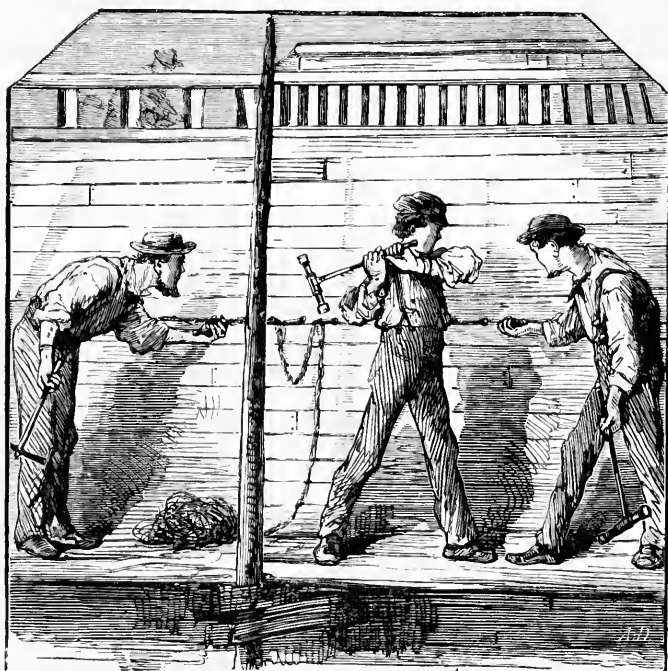


A Figure-head.

greater width and then pressed the oakum in and drove it farther with mallets and caulking-irons.

“But where are the masts and sails?” asked Nathan.

“Oh,” said Joe, “we don’t put in the spars till after a vessel is



Caulking the Seams.

launched, and we shan’t have a launch here for three or four weeks.”

“I wish we could come back this way and see the brig launched,” said Nathan.

“Perhaps we shall have a chance to see a ship launched in Newburyport,” said his father.

“Likely enough, sir,” said Joe. “There’s a good deal of build-

ing going on there just now, though not as much as there used to be. Did you come from Boston?"

"We came from Roxbury," said Nathan.

"Well, I should think you could see ships enough there, and see some ship-building in the Navy Yard at Charlestown."

"It's too near, Joe," said Mr. Bodley, smiling. "People never know very much about what is nearest to them. By the way, where is it that Rufus Choate was born? I believe he was born in Essex."

"It was down on an island at the mouth of the river, I believe. I've never been down that way. I'd like to hear Rufus Choate speak. There are lots of Choates down in this part of the county."

"But not many Rufuses. Come, children, we must drive ahead of that storm that's coming up. We're much obliged to you, Joe."

The family all clamored into the carry-all again, and Time and Tide trotted off, bound for Ipswich. But they made



The Rope-walk.

one more halt, for not a great way beyond Essex they came upon an old rope-walk where much of the cordage was made that was

used in rigging the craft built in Essex, and as the children had never seen a rope-walk, they all got out once more and went in, and watched the men walking backward and forward weaving the hempen strands.

The drive to Ipswich was a pleasant one, or would have been if the dust had not been blown about furiously, for the storm was drawing nearer, and seemed to drive the carry-all itself. Mr. Bottom frisked along the road, and Time and Tide seemed to feel the electricity in the air, for they put their heads down and Martin had hard work to hold them. A few drops fell as they crossed the stone bridge, and when they drove up to the door of the Agawam House, the rain was beginning to patter fast. It was pleasant to get out of the storm and step into the roomy house. The wind blew through the halls, the doors slammed, and the trees outside tossed heavily about, but they were all under shelter. The horses were stalled, and as the Bodley family had their bags with them, why, they could stay as long as they wanted to.

"We might stay in a worse place," said Ned, looking at the pleasant rooms and noticing on how high a hill the house stood.

"Well, Ned, we shall camp here till to-morrow, I think," said his uncle. Rooms were soon made ready for them, and they sat down to dinner shortly. There happened to be but few people staying then in the house, so that the children could roam about freely. They played games and read their story-books, and wondered why Cousin Ned would shut himself up in his room and refuse to come out. The mystery was solved after tea when Ned turned to their mother, and said, —

"Aunt Sarah, have you thought about home to-day?"

"Not much, Ned, for the best part of my home is here."

"Nurse Young is n't," said Lucy.

"No," said Ned, "nor the revolving clothes-dryer in the garden back of the house. I have been thinking of it to-day, ever since we were in Essex. I could n't help having a feeling of pity for it."

"Why, what's happened?" said Nathan, incredulously.

"Do you want to know? Listen, and I will read the story I have written this afternoon about it." Lucy clapped her hands, and they all listened as Ned read in the twilight, while the storm raged without, the story of

#### THE HAPPY CLOTHES-DRYER.

In a forest in Maine once stood two pine-trees, side by side. One was tall, straight, and tapered so toward the top that its head was never still, but always trembled in the air. The other was short, not very well formed, indeed, somewhat scraggy, but for all that very good-natured. Tall and Short were their names, and the names fitted them excellently; it was as if they had been given them after they grew up. There had once been a great many pines in this forest, but the lumbermen had come winter after winter and cut them down and dragged them to the river near by, and now there were very few left. Tall and Short often talked over the matter, and wondered when their turn would come.

"Why do they not come to cut us down?" said Tall. "I am fearful lest we stay here always."

"Nonsense," said Short. "That is impossible. What! leave you here! No, depend upon it, Tall, they are waiting for some especially beautiful ship to be built, and then they will cut you

down and send you down the river, to be the mainmast. Do you hear, Tall? The mainmast! you'll be a mainmast yet!"

"It would be terrible to grow old here," said Tall. "I remember an old pine that finally fell to the ground and lay for years crumbling on the earth."

"Aye, aye," said Short, "and shiver my timbers if the ants did not make a nest of his trunk. Messmate! Heh!"

"Well," said Tall, who was used to his friend's way of talking, for Short was always fancying himself at sea.

"I think I heard a Nor'easter last night."

"I felt the wind blowing, too, and it made my head tremble to think what it must be to be sailing over the ocean."

"Aye, aye, my hearty. When the mainsail bellies, and the yards are squared, won't it be fine! I say, do you know what I wish?"

"I can guess."

"I'll tell you first. I wish for you to be the mainmast of the greatest ship, and for me to be the top-gallant yard. Heh! won't that be fine? Then I can see your head.

'Do, my Johnny Boker, do!'"

And Short pretended to chanty a sailor's song. The wind blew, and the storm came, and Tall and Short felt the rage about them, but each thought of the blue ocean, and wondered how it would be when they were sailing over it. The spring passed and the summer. The birds came into the branches of the pines and told them again and again of what they had seen on the shore where the waves broke upon the rocks.

"We did not dare fly away from land; it is so wild out there.



Oh, do not leave this safe forest to be tossed on the terrible sea ! Stay here, and let us build our nests in you.” But Tall waved his head and longed to feel the salt air playing about it, and to be alone with only the stars above and the ocean below ; and Short, square and rolling, sang, —

“ An’ away, my Johnny boy, we’re all bound to go ! ”

The autumn came, and then the cold winter, and again the lumbermen came and had their camp, and this time they cut down the two pines and trimmed their branches, and dragged them to the river.

“ The tall one will make a royal fine mast,” they said. “ We ’ll send the short one along with it for company.”

“ Away, you rollin’ river,”

sang Short as the two pines, lashed together with many other logs, went driving down the river in the early spring, when the ice broke up.

“ Ah, friend,” said Tall, “ it really has come at last. We shall not grow old and fall and crumble in the forest.”

“ Belay there ! ” cried Short ; “ who ’s talking of crumbling ? I ’ll stick by you, messmate, and we ’ll have fine times out on the rolling deep ! ”

“ I hope we shall not be separated,” said Tall.

“ Trust me for that,” said his comrade, cheerily. “ I ’ll stick by you.”

But they were separated. They went indeed together to the ship-yard, and Short looked on as he saw Tall shaved and polished and raised to his place as mainmast in the good ship Swiftsure.

“ Good-by, old fellow, for a little while,” he sung out. “ You ’ll

know me, when I'm a yard. You'll know me by my voice. I'll sing, —

‘ Oh, Reuben was no sailor:  
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!’ ”

And Short sang the song, chorus and all, and watched his friend, tall and slender and straight as when they were in the forest together, while he now lay flat on his back in the ship-yard. But by and by he was taken too and stripped of his bark and shaved.

“ Come, now, this is something like,” said he. “ Ahoy there, Tall!” but Tall was out of sight and hearing, for the Swiftsure was sailing across the ocean. Short began to feel queerly, for men sawed him and hacked at him and bored holes in him, but he kept on singing, —

“ You hear of Reuben Ranzo,  
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!”

and wondering what was coming next. For a long while he was in darkness, and was dragged here and there. He took naps to pass away the time, and when he woke up, if it was dark, he'd call out, “ Four bells! I'll turn in again.” But at length it was broad daylight, and he was in the open air. He felt himself handled, and placed upright.

“ Ha!” said he, “ this is something worth while; they're stepping me; I'm a mast! What's this? Yards fastened to me! Well done! I a mast! Ahoy, there, Tall. Perhaps I'm going to be mizzen mast on the Swiftsure!” Short was alive with excitement, but he could not see or hear Tall, though he sang, —

“ Oh Reuben was no sailor:  
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!”

“ No! what, a mainmast myself? Ha, this must be a sloop. Perhaps it's a yacht, and I shall sail after Tall! It's a yacht!” Short

could scarcely contain himself. He felt himself driven firmly in. He caught a glimpse of blue water below him. He saw ropes, and presently sails stretched on either side.

"All hands on that main brace, now," he cried, exultingly; and presently the wind blew and the sails began to move.

"Bless me!" he cried. "I'd no idea it was like this! Why we go round and round! Why don't the waves rock? But no matter. Hurrah!"

‘Aha! I’m bound A W A Y  
Across the broad Atlantic!’”

Short’s voice rose higher and higher, as the wind blew and the sails filled, and round and round they went. He sang so loud that he did not hear Nathan, who stood by the horse-trough, say, —

"How our new clothes-dryer does spin about. See, Phippy, the sheets and towels and clothes are like so many sails."

"It's a windmill," said Phippy.

"No," said Lucy, "it's a ship like Uncle Elisha's Swiftsure." Short heard the last words, for he had stopped singing a moment, and he was wild with delight.

"Aye, aye," he cried, "I'm here my hearties.

‘Oh, do me, Johnny Boker, the wind is blowin’ bravely!

Do me, Johnny Boker, do!’”

And round and round he went. He was nothing but a clothes-dryer by the trough? and Tall was on the Swiftsure hundreds of miles away on the great ocean? Hush! don't say that aloud. Hark!"

“Oh, Reuben was no sailor:

Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!"

The children were very much surprised to find themselves in the story at the end. They remembered having that very conversation ;

and now to find it in a real story written by Cousin Ned was truly wonderful. So they sat and talked about ships and sailors and shipwrecks, until Mrs. Bodley said it would never do for them to go to bed without some music to charm away the shipwrecks, and as there was a piano in the room, they gathered about it and sang, " Bless you, Burnie Bee : " —



### Bless you, Burnie Bee.

*Andantino.* Music by CHARLES MOULTON.

Bless you, bless you, Burnie Bee! Tell me where my true love be, Be she east, or be she west,

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the Treble clef. The lyrics are: "Seek the path that she loves best ; Go and whisper in her ear That I ever think of her, Tell her all I have to say Is about our wedding-day ; Burnie Bee, no longer stay, Take your wings and fly a-way." The music consists of two systems. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the last two lines of lyrics. The Alto and Bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

It may have been the pretty song, or it may have been the dying away of the storm that lulled them to sleep. At any rate the children slept soundly all night, and came down merrily to breakfast the next morning, though the rain had not yet ceased. But the sky was lighter, and every one said that it would clear before eleven. And so it did. The clouds broke, the blue sky peeped out, then the sun shone, and now Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom stood at the door. Cousin Ned gave his seat to Nathan, and off started the cavalcade, on their way to Newburyport.

"I suppose I can get dinner at Rowley?" said Mr. Bodley to the landlord of the Agawam, as they were driving away.

"Oh yes," he replied, "you'll get a good dinner at Smith's Tavern. The same family has kept that house for two or three genera-

tions. It's right on Rowley Common." They drove off in fine spirits. The air was sweet and fragrant after the storm, and there was no longer any dust to trouble them. So they bowled along over the road, and were almost sorry to come suddenly upon Rowley Common. There was a quaint old house at the beginning of the Common, with a pretty porch, and the roof sloping behind, almost to the ground. A child was playing in the porch, and Lucy hoped this was Smith's Tavern. But it was not. That was farther along on the side of the Common and bore a sign over the door, "Eagle House."

"This can't be it," said Nathan, as he saw Martin stopping. "This is the Eagle House." But there was no other inn to be seen; and when Nathan asked if they would please direct him to Smith's Tavern, in Rowley, the man who came to the door laughed, and said he rather guessed they were there. It was a quiet, pretty old town. The Common was shaded with trees, and only now and then a wagon passed lazily along.

"You'd hardly think," said the man, with whom Mr. Bodley talked after dinner, "that Rowley was much of a place now, would ye? But we had a big celebration here a few years ago, in '44. We had all the country round here. But that was n't anything to what I saw when I was a boy about as big as this youngster, here," clapping Nathan on the back. "You would n't think this much of a ship-building place, I suppose, eh?"

"Not up here," said Mr. Bodley, laughing; "but I suppose you build down on Rowley River."

"You think we don't build ships here, sir? Well, I remember a ship launch up here on Rowley Common."

"What! did the water ever come up here?"

“No, but Captain Burly did. He was a great man about here. He was born down in that house you passed on the left, just as you came to the Common. He was a mighty smart man. Why, that fellow had command of a merchant vessel before he was twenty-one, and that meant something in those days. It meant that he was a merchant as well as a captain. He carried his cargo to the East Indies and sold it, and bought a cargo and brought it home. It took a good deal to make a captain in those days. Well, he had about the most iron-bound will of any man that was ever born, I guess. He had thirteen children. I knew ’em; stiff, unyielding men and women that knew their minds and could stand up to anybody. I never saw their like, but they bent like reeds before Captain Burly. Captain Burly wanted a ship, and he said he was n’t going down to the river to build it. He’d build it by his own door on Rowley Common. People laughed at him, and said they guessed Captain Burly was one too few this time; but the more they said the more he stuck to it. And he built it, sir: he did. I was a little shaver, but I remember it. The people shook their heads, and some said he was Noah building an ark; and others said he was Robinson Crusoe that built his boat and could n’t launch it; but the old man knew better. When he was all ready, he went and hired all the oxen in the country round. Yes, sir, he had a hundred yoke of oxen here, and he hitched ’em to the vessel, and by the jumping gingerbread he hauled it down to the water. Pretty much all the country was there to see it. Fact.”

“That will do for our ship-building, Thanny,” said his father, laughing. “I’m afraid we shan’t see any such sight in Newburyport.”

“But we shall see a launch?” said the boy.

“I hope so.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

AFTER dinner on this pleasant Friday afternoon they left Smith's Tavern at Rowley, and drove by quiet roads toward Newburyport. The way led through meadows and by wide farms. They passed an old man sitting under a tree and making arrows for a barefooted boy, who stood by him bow in hand. They crossed the River Parker upon an old stone bridge, and read the inscription upon the stone by its side. Then they climbed the hill and found themselves in old Newbury. Their chief excursion in Newbury was to see the Garrison-house, as it was called; and turning down a lane, they drove, beneath an avenue of trees, to the Pierce farm, a collection of buildings, most conspicuous of which was the old house, built of rubble and brick, with a deep bay or porch two stories high, very different from anything they had seen in any of the houses on their journey.

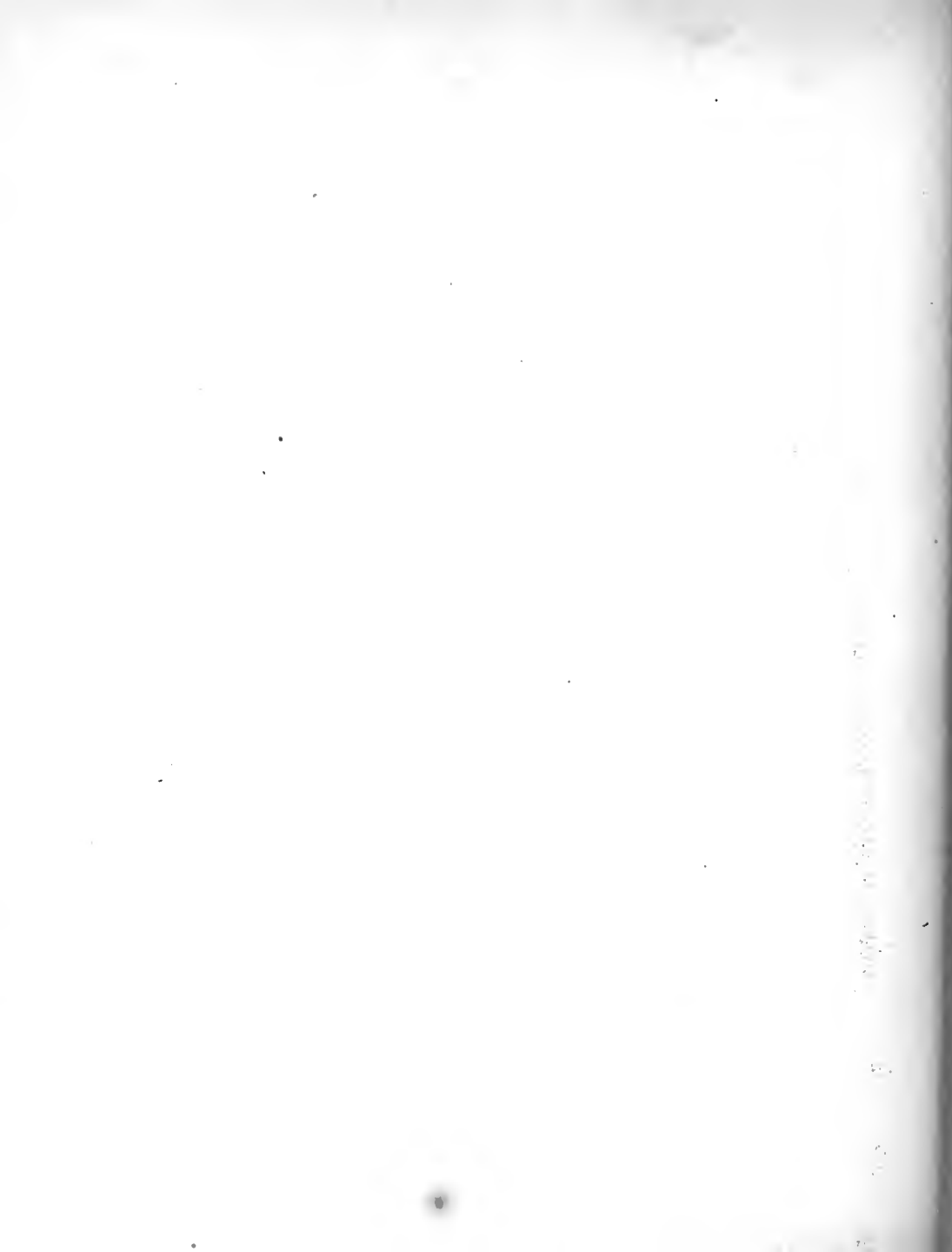
"There is little doubt that it had something to do with defense," said Mr. Bodley, "though I believe that some say there never was a garrison here, but that powder was stored in the building, perhaps in this part of it. We'll believe all we can of it, and especially the story that there was an explosion here years ago, when the front of the house was blown out in the night, and an old negro woman, who was asleep in her bed, was carried, bed and all, and lodged in an apple-tree near by. We might keep that story to believe when we have decided whether or not the place was a post of defense against the Indians."

It was not very far now to Newburyport, and the children were





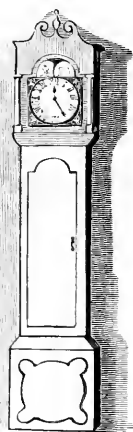
MAKING ARROW



half eager to get there, half timid over their expected meeting with Aunt Lucy Sewall. Miss Sewall was not their real aunt, nor was she their mother's aunt. She was an old lady who had been a dear friend of their mother, and so Sarah Bodley when a little girl had always called her Aunt Lucy ; after she was married and had children of her own she told them about Aunt Lucy, and often hoped to take them to see her. She named little Lucy after Aunt Lucy Sewall ; but Aunt Lucy never left her old home now, and the children had never been to Newburyport to see her. So when this excursion was planned, Aunt Lucy had written, begging them to come and stay in her great house. She had room for them all, for Cousin Ned and Martin as well, and Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom could find ample quarters in her stable. She was the only one left of a large family, and lived alone in the family mansion. Somehow the children had heard and talked so much about Miss Sewall and her great house that they were half afraid to go. It was on High Street, and they found that they were already on the street when they were driving through old Newbury. They turned a corner, just as the street did, and saw now that they were upon the side of a hill, and that streets ran down from it to the river ; while on the left, upon the upper slope of the hill, was a succession of great square houses, with orchards and gardens behind them, and lawns sloping down to High Street. The children fell to guessing which house was Aunt Lucy's ; but they were not long left in doubt, for Mr. Bodley told Martin to drive up an avenue, shortly, that led between two of the houses, and halted before a stable. The side door of the house stood open, inviting them ; and Ned dismounted, gave Mr. Bottom to a man, helped the family out of the carry-all, and carried in the bags and parcels which contained the travel-

ing equipment of the party. It was Friday afternoon, and they expected to stay at Miss Sewall's hospitable house until Monday.

The house was quite as grand as the children had fancied. A broad hall led through it, and a broad staircase, of easy ascent and three landings, took them to the chambers they were to occupy. They looked curiously at the wainscoting and the old portraits and the carved balustrades. There were three supports at each stair, and each of the three differed from the others. Upon one of the landings stood a tall clock, and an inscription upon a plate of brass



told how the clock had been given a hundred years before by one chief justice of the Province to another, his successor. But the rooms into which the children were conducted held their wonder most. Phippy and Lucy were to occupy one, Ned and Nathan another, and it was hard to say which was the larger room. A great four-poster stood in each, and old chests of drawers and wardrobes, with brazen claw-feet, held themselves in a dignified manner at the sides of the room, while square, formal chairs looked so solemn that the children only sat cautiously on the edges of

them. What delighted Phippy and Lucy most was an immense fire-place lined with pictured tiles. There were no andirons in it, nor any grate, but a large earthen fire-pot, filled ready for lighting. There was a date on the lintel of the fire-place and Phippy looked at it closely. Her eyes opened wide.

"Mamma!" said she, "just look at this. Why, it says 1511. This house must have been here before the Pilgrims landed." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

“I used to think so too, Phippy, when I was a little girl and came to see Aunt Lucy. I remember standing before this fire-place with my kitten, while the peat burned in the fire-pot, and puzzling myself over the inscription. It is in Dutch, but you can read the figures. Aunt Lucy’s father brought it from Holland and had it built into the house. He had taken a fancy to it, and thought he should like it here. The fire in the pot was not enough to warm the room, except when there was but a little chill in the air. We might have liked it if we had been here in the cold storm last night.”



A Dutch Fire-place.

When the children were dressed, they all went down the broad staircase again and entered the drawing-room, which was as large as both of the large rooms the children had occupied up-stairs. It was stately, and filled with paintings and old furniture, but the children could see nothing except the tall, venerable lady who came forward to meet them. She wore a cap and a snow-white kerchief, and made a courtesy in a formal, old-fashioned way. It was the remembrance of this courtesy that had led Mrs. Bodley to teach her children the pretty manners, and now Phippy and Lucy dropped their little courtesies, and Miss Sewall smiled with a pleased sense of the little ladies before her. She sat down and called the

children to her. Of course she knew their names, and when she had spoken to each, she let them go; but Lucy she detained, and drew her to her side.

"So this is my little Lucy," she said, and stroked her hair. Her wrinkled hand was soft, and though she seemed to Lucy very, very old, it was pleasant to nestle by her side. "Sarah," she said to Mrs. Bodley, "the child looks like your grandmother, and not like you or your mother."

"Is it not singular? We have grandmother's portrait at home, and every one remarks on the likeness."

"Your great-grandmother was a very lovely woman, Lucy," said Miss Sewall, and it seemed to Lucy as though the old lady must be very old indeed to have known her great-grandmother.

"Was she living in 1511?" asked Lucy, timidly. Miss Sewall laughed, a gentle, happy laugh.

"No, my dear; what made you think so?" But Lucy hung her head.

"She was thinking of the date on the old Dutch fire-place, I suppose," said her mother. "I told her how much I used to look at the pictures there when I was a child."

"And I too," said Aunt Lucy, "have many a time sat before it on my mother's knee, and had the stories of the tiles told me. Sarah, has Mr. Longfellow any children?"

"Yes, I think he has several."

"I knew it must be so. No one could have written those lines of his 'To a Child,' if he had not known a child in a familiar way;" and, to Lucy's delight, Miss Sewall took her into her lap and began in a low, musical voice half to repeat half to chant the verses:—

“ Dear child! how radiant on thy mother’s knee,  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
 Whose figures grace,  
 With many a grotesque form and face,  
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery!



The lady with the gay macaw,  
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
 With bearded lip and chin;  
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
 The Chinese Mandarin.  
 With what a look of proud command  
 Thou shakest in thy little hand

The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune!  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!  
Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken well  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!  
And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

"But lo! thy door is left ajar!  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise!  
And restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee;



No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little, beating heart before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

“Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of memory start.”

“You must learn this and the remainder some day, Lucy. It is well for children to learn good poetry.”

“Lucy is an apt learner,” said her mother encouragingly, “and I mean that she shall use her memory. I can never thank you enough, Aunt Lucy, for teaching me to learn poetry when I was a child.” The maid came in now and announced tea, and they all passed into the dining-room. Like the hall, this too was wainscoted to the ceiling, and the children walked wondering down the floor, for they never had had supper in so fine a room. The table bore old India china, and everything was of the daintiest; while old Miss Sewall, sitting at the head of the table with wax candles before her ready to be lighted when the dusk came on, was still to their eyes the most marvelous sight of all — she was so very, very old.

“So you are making a tour of Essex County, Mr. Bodley,” she said, as with trembling hands she poured the tea. “I think you will not find it an easy matter to exhaust the county.”

“Indeed I should not, Miss Sewall. I am only giving the chil-

dren an outside glimpse of it. When they are older, and read of so much in history and biography that had its beginning here, I hope they will remember something of their journey. I think there must have been a good deal of Essex in this house and in this room."

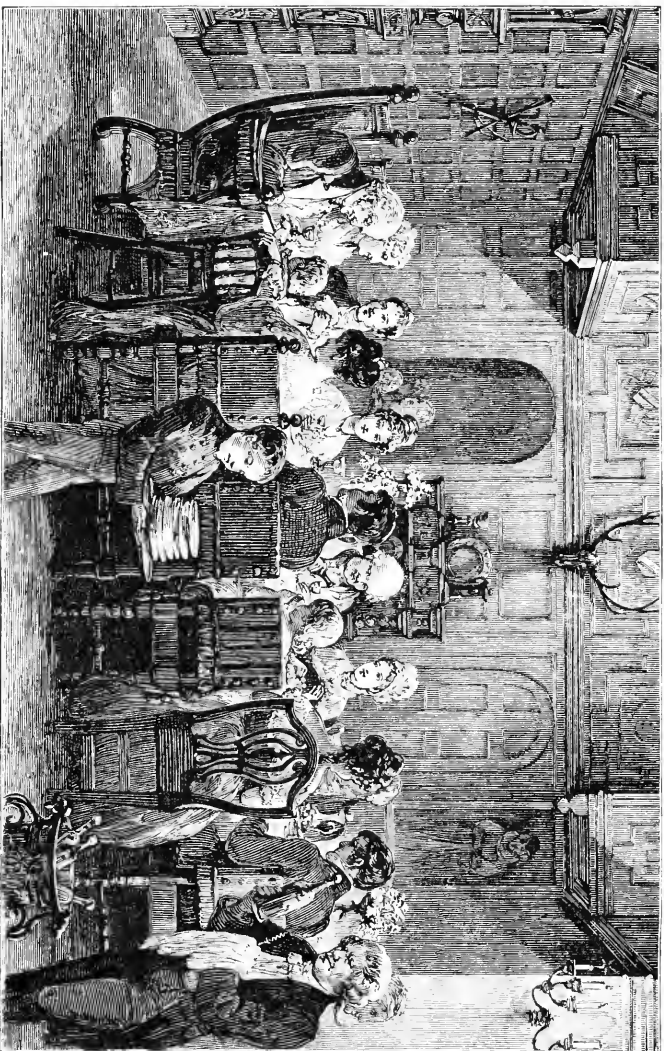
"Yes, Newburyport is not what it was before the fire and before the embargo. When I was a young girl here in my father's house, there was quite as good living here as in Boston. I like to see these fresh young faces about me at the table; but I was once young, and we had company in this old dining-room that will never be seen in Newburyport again."

"Were not the Tracys Newburyport people?"

"Yes, the Tracys and the Marquands and Tristram Dalton and many another. There was money enough here then. They tell the story of Nat Tracy, that he could ride from Newburyport to Virginia and sleep every night in his own house; and Tristram Dalton, who was the first Senator of the United States from Massachusetts, had a coach lined with satin and drawn by six white horses in which he made his wedding calls."

"You even had a lord here, had you not?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Oh yes, we had Lord Timothy Dexter. After tea I will show a picture of him and of his house to the children." When they went back to the drawing-room, Miss Sewall found a homely print representing Lord Timothy Dexter's house with the statues standing on the gate and fence-posts, and one of Lord Timothy himself and his little dog. Dexter had died in 1806, but Miss Sewall remembered him well. She had often seen him in the streets, and she had heard the common talk about him. He was a man who was bred a leather-dresser, and in that occupation saved considerable money,



AUNT LUCY'S REMEMBRANCE OF A DINNER-PARTY



which he increased by speculating in Continental paper money. He bought great quantities of it when no one believed it ever would be redeemed. But government assumed it, and Dexter became a very rich man. At that time Newburyport was perhaps, next to Boston, the most important city in New England, and Dexter went there to live. He bought a fine house, and made a great deal of the garden there. But he was an ignorant man, and a very silly, though cunning one. He thought that appearances made men great, and he began to style himself Lord Timothy Dexter. He spent a great deal of money in adorning his house; he bought books which he could not understand, and pictures which he did not love. He painted his house and gilded it, and put little fantastic houses on the roof, crowned with little brass balls, until it was, as people said, "as fine as a fiddle;" and upon pillars along the front of his garden he placed wooden images which bore the names of eminent men: there were figures of Indian chiefs, military generals, philosophers, politicians, statesmen; upon an arch in front of the house stood General Washington, with Jefferson on his left and Adams on his right, both with their hats off in honor of Washington. He had a statue of himself upon a column, and the inscription upon it read, "I am Lord of the East, Lord of the West, and the greatest Philosopher in the Western World."

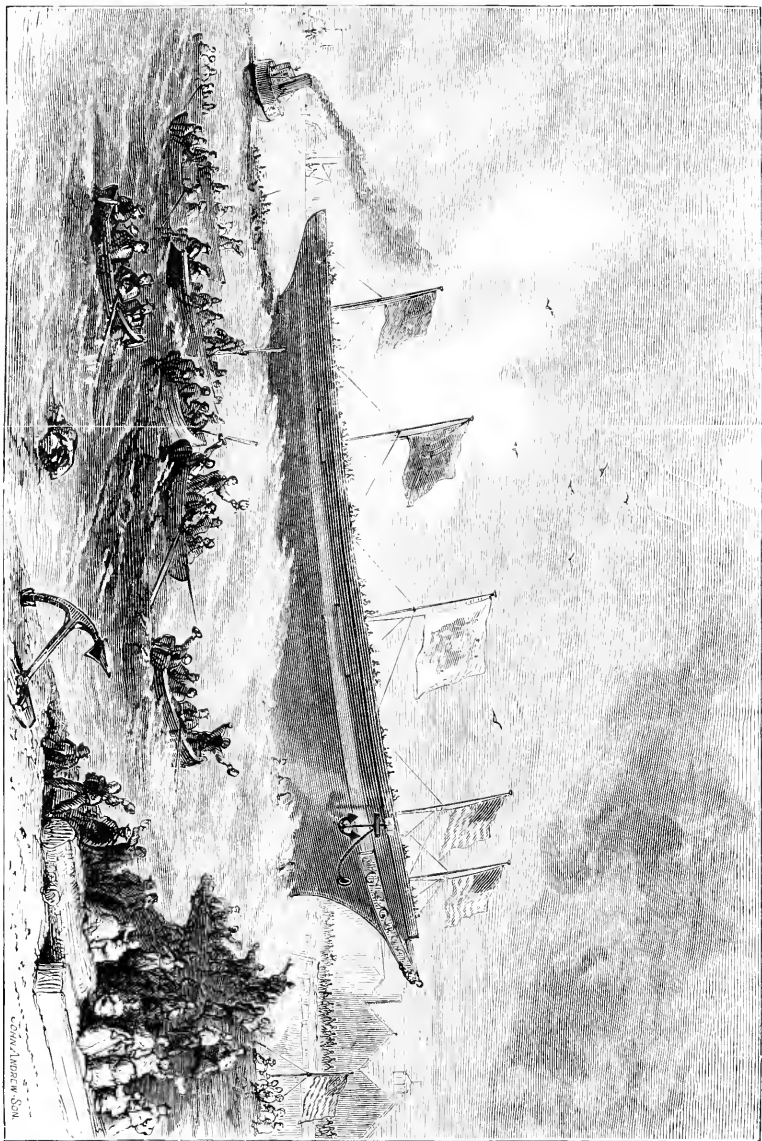
He increased his wealth in curious ways. It seemed to people as if whatever he touched turned to gold, and that even his mistakes were more successful in bringing him wealth than other people's caution and wisdom. Some wag advised him to ship a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. It would appear as if one might as well send a ship-load of ice to the Esquimaux. But when the vessel reached the West Indies the captain, who was a quick-witted

man, took off the covers, fitted handles to them, and sold them for skimmers in sugar-making, while the pans themselves he sold for ladles. A rigger of one of his vessels called upon him for a large quantity of stay stuff; and Dexter, knowing no better, it was said, sent out and bought up all the whalebone in the country about. People laughed at him for his stupidity, but soon it turned out that nobody could get any whalebone except of Dexter, and he sold it all for such prices as he chose to ask.

He kept a great number of clocks and watches about his house, and spent a good deal of time winding them and regulating them. He named them all with special names, and talked to them as if they were alive, threatening to sell them if they did not behave well. Once he wrote a book called "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and as he said he never could punctuate to please people, he filled the last page with an assortment of commas, periods, semicolons and other marks, and told people to take their choice, and punctuate to suit themselves. Everybody laughed at him. The boys and girls went into his garden and ate his fruit, and cried, "Long live Lord Dexter;" and the idle men about town were not unwilling to drink his wine and eat his dinners, and laugh at him behind his back. After all, though he made money easily, he found out, as others have, that money could buy good things to eat, but not real respect.

The children heard the stories about Lord Dexter and many others that Miss Sewall told, and then left the older people below while they went up-stairs to sleep in their great rooms.

The next day was Saturday, and after breakfast they took a stroll through the town. They went down one of the streets that left High Street, and found themselves by the Merrimac River, among



THE SHIP LAUNCH.

COPY, ANDREW W. SCH





the wharves and the ship-yards. There, to the joy of the whole party, they found a launch was just to take place. A great crowd had gathered in the ship-yard, and the fences were covered with men and boys who had clambered upon them. A track of timbers ran down to the water, under the ship, on either side of her keel. The ship did not rest directly on the track, but on what were called bilgeways, which were to carry her down the track at the proper moment. The ship was kept in position by blocks, and men stood with axes on either side, waiting to knock away the support. The word was soon given for this, and they began their work, but before the last block was struck the ship began to move. "There she goes!" everybody cried; the men jumped to one side and the ship coming down on the bilgeways, began to move down the track, first slowly, then faster and faster till she struck the water and threw it up about her. The crowd all cheered, and Nathan grew red in the face, he was so excited.

"Isn't that the grandest sight you ever saw?" he asked his father.

"There certainly are few grander, and I never miss a launch if I can help it. Just think how many years that beautiful ship may be sailing over the waters, carrying people from one place to another, and bringing us beautiful and useful things from England and France and Germany and Italy."

"I'd like to go in her," said Nathan.

"Well, I hope some day you may, and may see foreign cities and countries; but to see Europe well you ought to learn all about the place you live in in America first. I should be sorry to have you care more about London than Boston, though you would see vastly greater wonders there than at home. But now we will see some

more of Newburyport." Their walk brought them to a plain meeting-house, the First Presbyterian Church.

"Do you see that house on the left-hand side as you look down the street, at the side of the church?" asked Mr. Bodley. "That was where George Whitefield died, and in this church he was buried."

"Who was he?" asked Phippy.

"He was a very wonderful preacher whose home was in England, but who crossed the Atlantic a great many times to preach here in America. Thousands flocked to hear him, and some have said that there has never been since the apostles a man who changed the lives of so many men by his preaching. He died here in 1770. We'll see if we can't get into the church, for I have something to show you there." They tried the house next to the church and found that the sexton was not there; but the sexton's wife was there, and taking the key, let them into the building.

"Come first into the gallery," said Mr. Bodley, and they all followed him, wondering what was to be seen there. He took them all into one corner, and then said, —

"Now you must all stay here, while Phippy and I go to the other side. Come, Phippy." She followed her father to the farthest corner of the other gallery, so that they were as far as they possibly could get from the rest.

"Now, Nathan," Mr. Bodley called out, loudly, "stand with your head close to the corner of the two walls and see what you can hear." Then he whispered to Phippy, "Phippy, put your mouth to this corner and speak gently to Nathan." Phippy turned about, and stood much wondering, as she had been told.

"What shall I say to him, papa?" she asked.

"Why, I heard Phippy speak," shouted Nathan, much excited.

"Very well," cried his father; "now do you speak to Phippy;" and Phippy put her ear to the corner and heard Nathan say, after a pause, —

"Hallo, Phippy, how do you do?"

"Did you hear me?" shouted Nathan.

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, I did n't speak any louder than this;" but how loudly he spoke Phippy could not possibly tell, for she could hear nothing. Then the others tried, and the children ran back and forth, amusing themselves with this Whispering Gallery.

"There, Nathan," said his father, "you have read of the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's in London, but this is nearly as fine, so you see you need only to go to Newburyport to hear Phippy when she whispers. It will not be necessary to take the ship we just saw and sail to London."

"Is this the church that Whitefield preached in?" asked Ned, as they went down-stairs.

"Yes, here is the monument erected to his memory, and I think I have heard that he was buried here."

"Buried under the church?"

"Yes, sir," said the sexton's wife, who had some keys in her hand, and led them to the pulpit, where she pointed at the tablet, on which they read that the remains of Rev. George Whitefield lay under that spot. "Would you like to see the remains, sir?"

"See the remains!" exclaimed Ned; "you don't mean to say that you have the coffin in a vault here, and one can go down into the vault?"

"Yes, sir;" and the woman proceeded to lift up a trap-door and

going down a pair of stairs, she lighted a gas-light there. Ned followed her curiously, — there was room only for one or two, — but came up presently. There was a card upon the inner side of the trap-door, with the words on it

“PLEASE REMEMBER THE SEXTON.”

Ned fumbled in his pocket for a piece of silver and handed it without a word to the woman. He motioned the rest away and whispered to his uncle, —

“It says ‘Remember the Sexton,’ but I wish I could ‘Forget the Remains.’ Uncle, this is an abomination.” But he would not tell the children what he had seen. He only kept muttering, as they left the church, “To think of it in a Christian city!”

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A FRIEND NOT AT HOME.

THERE still remained one afternoon before Sunday, and Mr. Bodley asked at the dinner-table how far it was to Amesbury.

“I think it is an easy drive of five or six miles,” said Miss Sewall. “What takes you to Amesbury, Mr. Bodley?”

“This is our pilgrimage, you know, and I don’t think our excursion would be quite complete without a visit to a Poet’s home. The children have learned much of Mr. Longfellow’s and Mr. Whittier’s poetry, and I want to take them to see Mr. Whittier’s house, and

perhaps Mr. Whittier himself. I think he will welcome us. You know he is a Friend.

"Is he your friend?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, and yours; he is the friend of all whom he can help in any way. But those people call themselves Friends whom the world calls Quakers. There used to be a good many in this part of the country."

"And very excellent people they were," said Miss Sewall. "Some of my father's best associates were Friends. I have never met Mr. Whittier, but I should not be afraid to."

"That is a high compliment to pay a poet," laughed Mr. Bodley. "I think it means a great deal."

"Essex County is both the home and the field of poets," said Miss Sewall. "I suppose because it is so old a part of the country and because the sea washes it. Traditions grow up and adventures occur that make fine subjects for poets."

"Yes, and people sail away from these seaport towns and bring back stories of other places, so that the outside world comes in to feed the imagination."

"In my younger days," said Aunt Lucy, "when Newburyport was more of a place than it now is, we depended a great deal on what came in by the ships. I remember—to be sure it was not such a very great while ago—when anthracite coal was introduced here. One of our captains came back from Philadelphia and brought for ballast about thirty tons of coal. He told the merchant that they used this to burn in Pennsylvania, and the merchant carried it home to his wife, and asked her to try it.



John Greenleaf Whittier.

“ ‘Impossible!’ said she; ‘these are nothing but black stones: they can’t burn.’ But to please her husband, the next morning she made up a good wood fire, and when there was a bed of hot cinders she put a few pieces of coal on top. When the merchant came home at noon, she took him into the kitchen, triumphantly.

“ ‘There!’ said she, ‘did I not tell you so? Look at that wonderful stone that was to burn!’ Sure enough, all that could be seen was that the coal was a little white where it had rested on the cinders. The husband saw the captain after dinner and told him of their experiment. ‘Oh,’ said the captain, ‘you can’t burn it in that way; you must burn it in a grate,’ and he explained how it was used. So back went the merchant to his wife and told his story.

“ ‘But we have no grate,’ said she. ‘The nearest thing is a grid-iron. I’ll try that if you say so;’ and so they made up a hot fire and put the coals on a gridiron and tried to broil them. But it was of no use, and the merchant grew tired of his experiment by that time. There was an old cellar which he wanted to fill, so he had all the coal carted from his ship and dumped into the cellar, covered with earth and planted with grass seed. There it is now, but just where the spot is I believe nobody knows.”

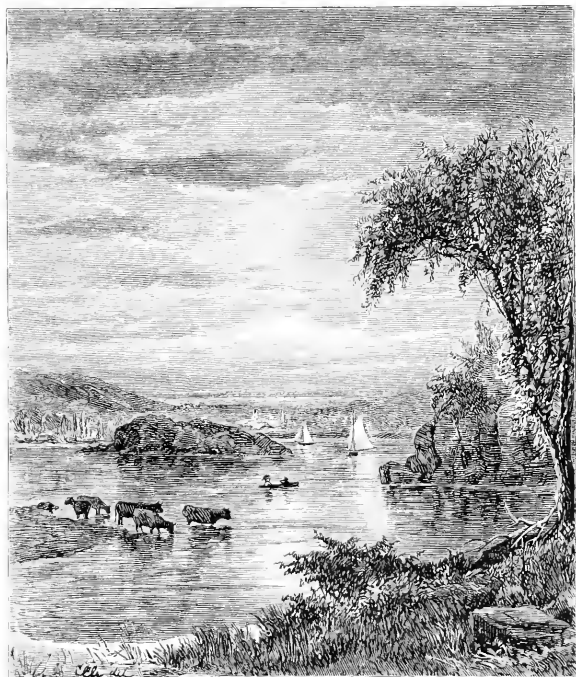
“Some day,” said Ned, “I suppose the coal will be dug up by chance, and people will think they have discovered a coal mine.”

When dinner was over the horses were brought to the door and the party drove along High Street, making their way to the river. They passed Lord Timothy Dexter’s house, on the left; but the statues had long since disappeared, and there was nothing of all the old ornaments left except a great gilt eagle upon the top of the house. They came to the chain bridge which carried them across

the Merrimac River, and then the road passed along the bank of that beautiful stream.

"There ought to be a castle on that hill," said Ned, "so as to make the scene picturesque."

"I should n't object to a ruined castle," said Mr. Bodley, "but a castle is very apt to mean robbery of some sort; and I think cattle in a stream and children in the house yard make the best accompaniment to a landscape. Some of these farms have been held by the families owning them ever since the day when the first settlers bought the land of the Indians. There is one such place, a few miles from New-



The Merrimac.

buryport, called Indian Hill Farm, which Major Benjamin Perley Poore has made lovely, filling the house with all manner of Indian and colonial curiosities, and building so many quaint additions to the original house that it comes as near, probably, to Ned's idea of a picturesque castle as anything about here. Perhaps on Monday, if we have time, we will stop there." They jogged along the road, and at length, turning off from the river road,

climbed the hill upon which Amesbury stands. They inquired of a little boy if he could tell them where Mr. Whittier lived.

"Yes, sir; he lives right here."

"But I mean," said Mr. Bodley, "in what house."

"Right here, sir," said the boy, pointing to the house before which the carriage was standing.

"What! this plain house?" said Mr. Bodley, a little disappointed. "It does not look much like a poet's house." And truly it was plain and unpretending enough.

"But we mustn't stand staring at it," he added. "I think I will get out and ask Mr. Whittier if he would like to see three children and their parents." He went to the door and rang, but when the bell was answered, to the great disappointment of all, the poet was not at home. The attendant saw the eager faces of the children in the carriage and said:—

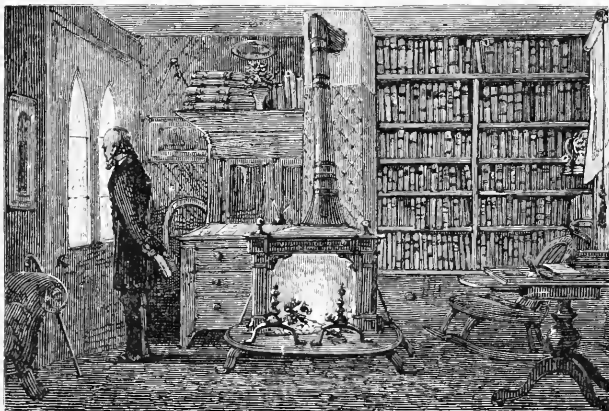
"I am sure Mr. Whittier will be disappointed. Perhaps the children would like to see the room where Mr. Whittier writes his poems." This was kind, and if they could not see the bird,—the wood-thrush of Essex,—they could at least see the nest. So they all left the carriage and Mr. Bottom, and went up-stairs into Mr. Whittier's room.

"He is oftener in the house in winter," they were told. "Then, with a bright fire, the room is very pleasant; but in the summer Mr. Whittier is much away." They lingered about the place, but they could not bring the poet back, and must needs return to their carry-all and Mr. Bottom. They drove by a round-about way home, by pleasant roads, and whenever they met a tall gray man, the children would be very certain it was the poet.

"I am sorry we did not see him," said Mrs. Bodley.



“So am I,” said Mr. Bodley. “It is pleasant to see old houses and churches and ships and gardens and garrison-houses ; but after all, the best sight is a living man, when he is one who loves his fellow-men. I suppose one reason why all the old things we have seen on our trip have interested us is, that once just such living men have been in them, and



The Poet in his Study in Winter.

because they lived such honest lives that a great nation has grown up from small seeds which they helped to plant.”

They spoke again of this when they were sitting after tea with Aunt Lucy.

“There is a quaint bit of writing,” said she, “by an old ancestor of mine, the first Judge Sewall, who wrote the “New Heaven upon the New Earth,” in 1697, in answer to objections that it was impossible for people to subsist here. My mother taught it to me, and her mother taught it to her. I am the last of the family, and I think I shall have to teach it to my little Lucy here. You shall learn it to-morrow, child, but I will repeat it first.” So Aunt Lucy, with her little godchild in her lap, recited the old-fashioned prediction : —

“As long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded Post ; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean ; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon

shall swim in the streams of the *Merrimack*, or any Perch or Pickeril in *Crane Pond*; As long as the Sea Fowl shall know the Time of their coming, and not neglect seasonably to visit the Places of their Acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before Turkie Hill; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon Old-Town Hills, and shall from thence pleasantly look down upon the River *Parker*, and the fruitful *Marishes* lying beneath; As long as any free and harmless Doves shall find a White Oak or other Tree within the Township, to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon, and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley-Harvest; As long as *Nature* shall not grow Old and dote, but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs; so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Now, seeing the Inhabitants of Newbury, and of New England, upon the due Observance of their Tenure, may expect that their Rich and gracious LORD will continue and confirm them in the possession of these invaluable Privileges: *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with Reverence and godly Fear, For our God is a consuming Fire.* Hebrews xii. 28, 29." Aunt Lucy's voice waxed eloquent as she recited the prophecy and its application, until she brought out "Hebrews xii. 28, 29" so vigorously that she herself gave a little laugh.

"It is years since I said it," she explained; "but when I learned it, I had before me the old text, and from the way it looked never could help associating Hebrews xii. 28, 29 with fire. My brother Henry used to scream those last words, and I said them as loud as I dared to."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE DAY OF REST.

"I THINK Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom will be glad that Sunday has come," said Phippy the next morning.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Sewall. "They shall have a good rest, and we will take ours by going to church. We don't know what horses know about God, but we know for ourselves that rest does not mean only going to sleep. When we are told that there remaineth a rest for the people of God, we know that the rest is from anxiety and trouble and all the worries that come to us. So our day of rest is a day when we can live for a little while at least among pure and holy things, and it is a great help to this if we go to church and worship God."

The children listened, though they did not quite understand; but they were happy to take hold of their father's or mother's and Aunt Lucy's hand and walk by their side to the old church where Aunt Lucy was wont to go.

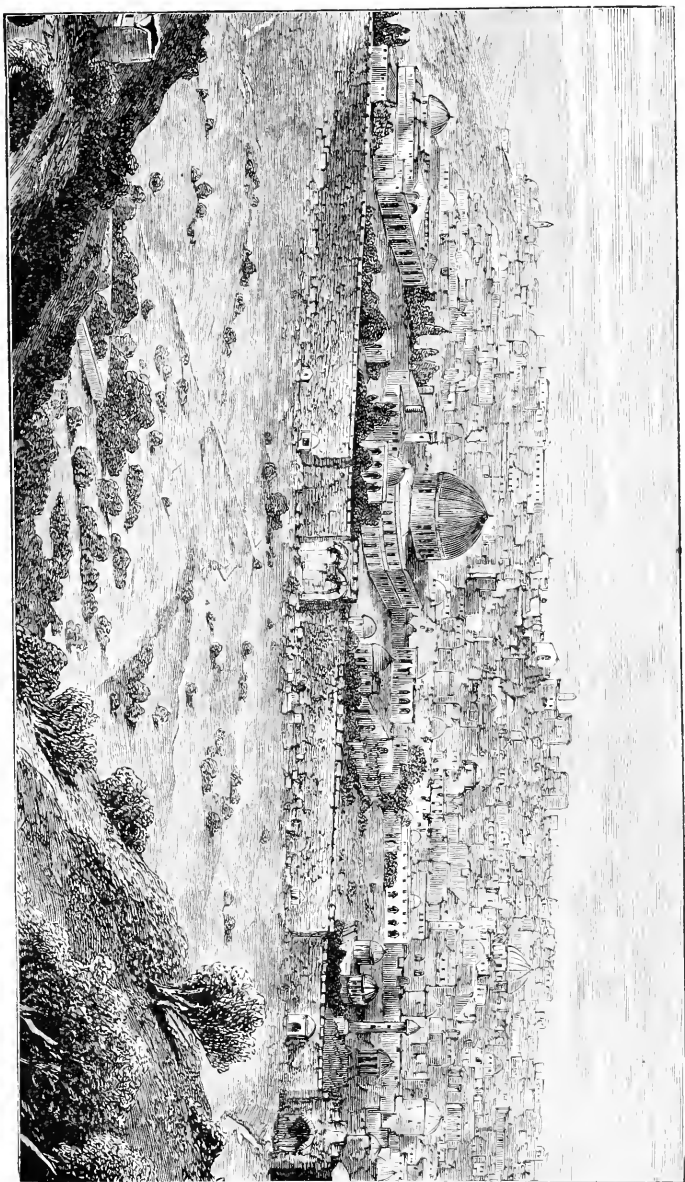
"How funny it seems to be going to church on Fourth of July," said Nathan.

"It would be a very good way of spending a part of every Fourth of July," said his father; "then perhaps we should remember better that it was not the Declaration of Independence that made us a nation, but God, who led our fathers to America long before that. I hope the minister will let us sing 'America' in church to the old tune of 'God save the King.'" The organ was playing that very tune as they went in, and soon the choir stood up to sing the hymn. The minister had not forgotten that it was the Fourth, and it really

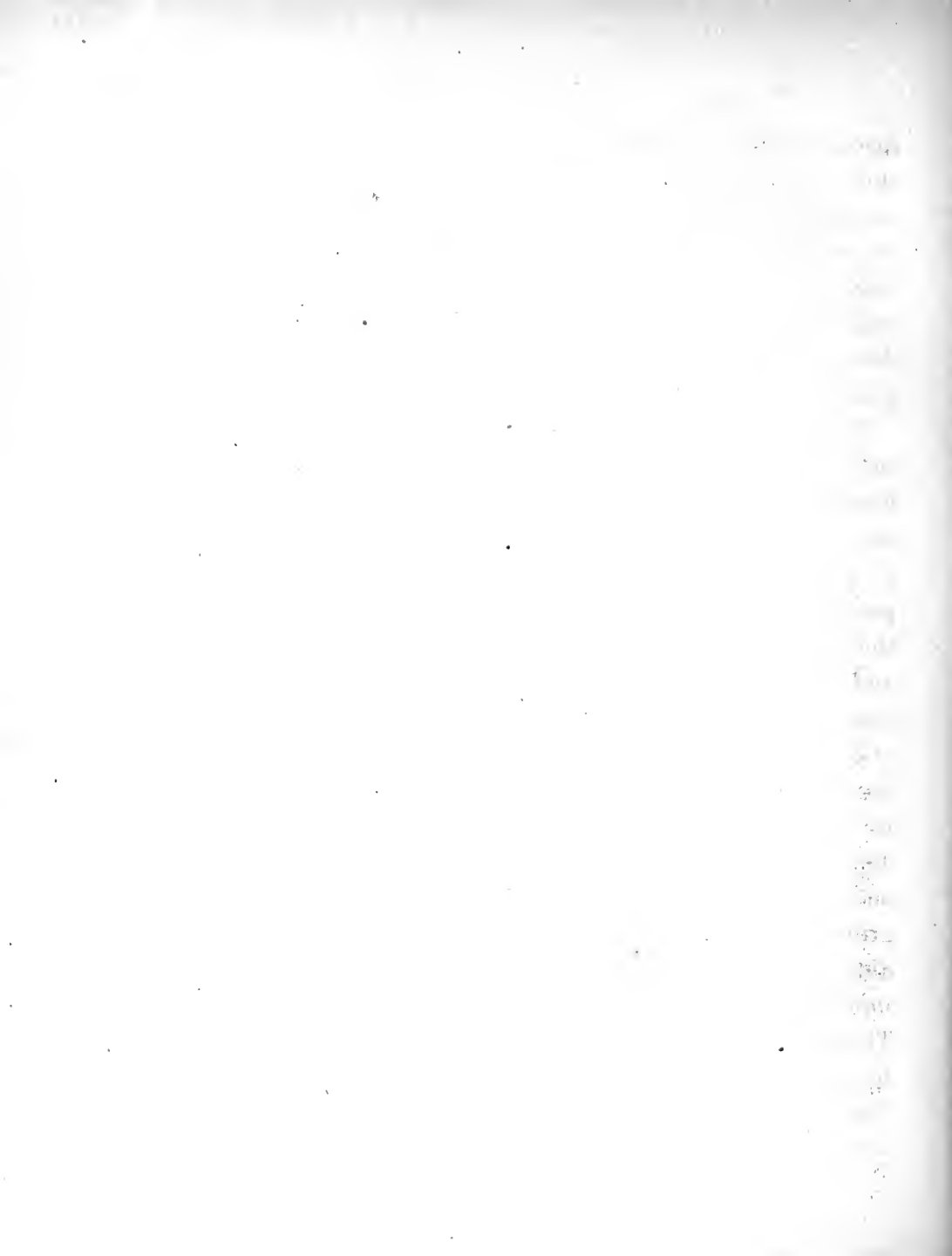
looked too as if he had expected three more children to hear him this day, when he gave out his text from St. Luke ii. 51: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart." And this is the sermon that the minister preached:—

In our country, national holidays, like the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, are celebrated all over the land. In the cities shops are closed, and for a few hours the streets are unusually full of people, walking about and enjoying themselves in different ways; perhaps listening to orations, when they are reminded of the War of Independence, by which the country became a new nation. But in the small towns and villages also the days are celebrated in much the same way. The same kind of oration is given, and the people gather in the town hall or church, to hear the Declaration of Independence, or Washington's Farewell Address read. Usually, too, the minister offers prayer for the country, and devout men are reminded that the liberties which we enjoy are the gift of God.

Our oldest national holiday points back to a time less than a hundred years distant; but in Judæa, when our Lord was living, men were keeping a holiday, and had always kept it, which was nearly fifteen hundred years old. Fifteen hundred years before the Saviour appeared, the Jewish people had been delivered from their bondage in Egypt, and, under the lead of Moses, had gone up into Palestine, where they settled down and became a nation: under the lead of Moses, indeed, but really, as they well knew, led by the hand of God Himself, who called them His people, and chose to keep them separate from the rest of the world, giving them a



JERUSALEM.



special charge, and watching over them as a father cares for a dear child. They had led a grievous life in Egypt, and He wished them to remember always their deliverance from it, and that He had delivered them. Therefore He bade them keep, just before harvest-time; the Feast of Passover in remembrance of the day when they came out of Egypt; for on that day God smote the Egyptians with death, but *passed over* the houses in which the children of Israel lived.

They kept this feast ever after: when they were traveling through the wilderness, they kept it; and when they were established in the land which God gave them, they kept it there. It was a national feast, but it was also a religious one; and when the people served God most, doubtless they made the festival a time of peculiar thanksgiving; when they were corrupt, and forgot Him, they neglected the feast, or perhaps made it an occasion of sport and rioting. The festival was different, however, from ours, in this, that all the people, except the sick, the feeble, the children, and others who could not well travel, kept Passover Day, not where they happened to live, but in the city of Jerusalem, *the* city of the nation, where the Temple was in which they thought God especially dwelt. The time of the feast was just before harvest, and every one counted on going. It was the first of the three great Pilgrimage Festivals, as they are called,—the first after the winter, during which time no traveling was done. Thus there would be unusual bustle and excitement. People traveled in companies. Those who lived in one village knew how long it would take them to go up to Jerusalem; and as they must be there on a certain day, they would all start together, men and women, and children of twelve years and upward. They would move forward on the road

to Jerusalem, and soon would be joined by the people living in another village ; then by those in another ; and so, as the caravans drew nearer to Jerusalem, there would be a great crowd, all going in the same direction, camping at night in tents, or under the open sky, the people of each village probably keeping pretty much together.

Then, when they reached Jerusalem, houses would be open for their reception, the city would be crowded with a great mass of people, all bent on the same errand of a week's holiday, in which they worshiped at the Temple, and met with one another, greeting friends, and making merry. The city, too, overflowed its walls into the country about, and tents were pitched in the fields and valleys, and on hill-slopes ; so that the city and neighborhood must have presented a lively scene during the week in which the festival was held, and a confusing one too, when the week was over, and people went back to their various homes, — crowds starting at once on the high roads, and parties dropping off, day by day, as they came to their villages.

Every year, when this feast was held at Jerusalem, there were some who came up for the first time, — for children did not go until they had reached the age of twelve years ; and the first journey to Jerusalem, to keep the Passover, was a great event in life ; it seemed to make a boy think to himself, — Now I am a man ; I am one of the people, and I go up with the people to keep the great festival of the nation to which I belong.

Twelve years, then, after the birth of the child Jesus, at Bethlehem, he went up with his parents from Nazareth, where they were living, to Jerusalem, to keep the Passover. While there, they may have abode in one of the houses of the city, which were hospitably



thrown open during the feast, to receive strangers; or they may even have encamped outside of the city, for it was the warm April time. Doubtless the week was spent by them in daily visits to the Temple, for worship. Thither went the devout, and about the sacred precincts gathered all who made the festival a holy one, and not merely a time of general mirth. Besides the Temple service, there were other reasons for resorting thither, — chief, that in the courts about the building the rabbis, or doctors of the law, were wont to sit and instruct people in the Scriptures. These were men whose occupation was to study the Law and the Prophets, and all the commentaries which men before them had made on these books; and then they taught the people, answering their questions, and explaining to them what they were accustomed to hear read from the Bible. At such a time as this, many who came to Jerusalem no doubt took the opportunity to go into the schools and hear the famous doctors.

But when the feast was over, the people who had come up from the country made ready to return to their homes, for the busy season was before them. Out of the gates all day long streamed the great procession of men, women, children, and beasts, moving off, some by one road some by another, but all of one district going the same way, and those who had been separated during the feast coming together again, and making a large, confused company. The way at first led along through narrow defiles, and the great mass moving out of the city was full of disorder and hurry, — parties getting separated, beasts of burden losing their owners, and the way lively with the shouts and calls and bustle.

However, all at such times looked forward to the first night's camping place for an opportunity to collect scattered companies,

and put affairs in order for the long journey home. Then those who had become separated from their friends in the confusion sought them out; neighbors banded together, and parties were made up for mutual comfort and aid. So it was that Joseph and Mary, traveling, most likely, with others from Nazareth, sought at evening for the child Jesus, who had somehow been out of their sight. They came upon one and another of their kinsfolk and neighbors, and the company in which they were to travel gradually settled down together; but still he was missing, whom they had brought up to the feast for the first time. One or another had seen him, but it had been in Jerusalem; they had not seen him since the company started.

We may think that much of the night was thus spent by the parents in their inquiry, growing uneasy as their search was in vain. At length they turned back from their neighbors and friends. It was plain that he was not in the camp; he could not be in advance, and they determined to go back to Jerusalem. On the way thither they were continually meeting fresh companies of people coming from the city. All day long the road was blocked by them, and they carefully scanned every face, and asked of all whom they met. But he was not among these; and so at last they reached Jerusalem, perhaps at night-fall, more anxious and troubled, to seek him in that overcrowded, bustling city.

On the morrow, the third day of his absence, they renewed their search, if indeed it had been interrupted at all. They went where they thought he would naturally be found, — in the Temple; to which surely he went often during that festival; in which, too, he stood, when the paschal lamb was offered up in sacrifice, and the people knew not that the youth by them was himself the Lamb that

was to be led to sacrifice, — the last great offering of which this and all former ones were the heralds. They went into one of the schools by the Temple, where sat the doctors, learned men, for the instruction of all devout people.

There, in the midst of the grave rabbis, they found him whom they had so long and anxiously sought. They did not speak at first: others, perhaps, were there also, alike astonished at what they heard and saw. It was not a new thing indeed for youth to resort to these teachers; but here was one, who was not like all pupils. He listened to the words of the doctors; he asked them questions, as other pupils did; and they in turn asked him questions, to discover what he knew, and so to teach him. But all, doctors and pupils and hearers, were astonished at his words. The questions which he asked, the answers which he gave, showed that he had knowledge of sacred things such as belonged not to the scholars who came there. Others stumbled over the words of divine truth, and hesitated at the threshold of wisdom; but he spake as one who was entering the open door, and walked in the light that came from the Holy of Holies.

In this assembly we may think that the child Jesus did not see the people, nor Joseph and Mary amongst them, but was intent on the great things of heavenly wisdom. He would learn, he would grow in knowledge of God, and thus he would speak with those who had been intrusted with God's word. And now, from the bystanders, Mary, the wondering mother, spoke to him. She could not forget her anxious search, though she heard him thus speaking, and saw his face intent, and in a mother's troubled voice, she said, — "My child, why hast thou thus dealt with us? See, thy father and I have been in great sorrow seeking thee." Then he

turned to her, looking, it may be, with wondering face, that she should not have known what was to him the absorbing thought and purpose, and said, — “Why sought ye me? knew ye not that I must needs be in my Father’s house?”

What did he mean? none present knew; and yet when he had said it, he joined Joseph and Mary, and left the Temple and the doctors, to go back with them to the village of Nazareth. There he abode in quiet, thinking of the things which he had spoken about and heard in the Temple: obedient, too, to those whom he had suffered to lead him away from that place which he had called his Father’s house. He grew with his years, and each year found him more beautiful in the sight of those around him; and One was looking down from heaven, who saw him as men could not.

“In my Father’s house:” these words Mary said over to herself, and pondered them. What did they mean? Little by little she learned their meaning. She had spoken to him of Joseph as of his father; but she came to know that he who was in the Temple, absorbed in divine things, at that moment was hearing a voice other than hers, which made all earthly parentage of no account. To him, though men heard it not, there was a voice speaking, which said, “Thou art my Son;” and in his heart there was a response, “My Father, I have come to do Thy will.”

In the afternoon Aunt Lucy kept her room, but the rest of the family went out for a walk, and as they walked toward the country, they came upon an old burying-ground separated by the road.

“Let us go in here,” said Phippy; and so they sauntered by the graves, reading the inscriptions on the stones, until they came near the top of a little hill by a wild cherry-tree and looked off upon the

lovely meadows that lay below them. The older people watched the sweet landscape, while the children wandered about. Suddenly Ned called out:—

“Why, look here! Uncle Charles, here are some of your relations;” and standing before a stone he read the inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE

REV. JOHN BODDILY

FIRST MEMBER OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THIS TOWN

BORN IN ENGLAND

EDUCATED AT LADY HUNTINGDON'S COLLEGE

THIS CHURCH WAS FOUNDED THAT YEAR

HE WAS AN AFFECTIONATE EVANGELICAL PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL

DIED NOV. 4, A. D. 1802 AGED 47 YEARS

THE CHURCH ERECT THIS MARBLE.

And near by was the stone of Sarah, his wife, who had died only three years before the time when the children were reading her stone.

“Don't you suppose these were Bodleys?” asked Ned.

“I've found my long lost grandfather!” exclaimed Phippy, hopping up and down.

“Really,” said Mr. Bodley, “I never heard of them before. We must ask Aunt Lucy when we go home.”

Aunt Lucy said, “To be sure, Reverend John Boddily was a very dear friend of my father's. I have his miniature, which I will show you;” and she produced a delicate little painting on ivory, showing a refined and simple face. “I remember him well,” said she, “and this is a good likeness. The family is nearly all dead now. His

wife died, nearly eighty years old, three years ago. They had a son Benjamin, but he died early in the century; he was married, but his wife died, and their only child is a son who is living now, very quietly, about forty years old. I have heard that other members of the family in England spell their name as you do."

"Well, some children call us the Bodilies," said Phippy, to whom this was a grievance of her school-days.

"Let them call you so, child," said Aunt Lucy. "Tell them that there never was a better man than Reverend John Boddily."

"I know something," said Lucy, timidly.

"Well, you may say it, my dear," said Miss Sewall.

"Oh, it is n't a hymn," said Lucy. "It's a piece of news."

"Do tell it, Lucy!" cried the children. She looked roguish, and then ran out of the room, coming back presently with something hidden in her frock. She went to her Cousin Ned, put her arm round his neck and whispered in his ear, and then gave him a kiss.

"Don't you look," she whispered, and ran back to her place.

"Why, what does all this mean?" asked Aunt Lucy. Lucy drew her head down and whispered to her.

"It's Cousin Ned's birthday."

"Oh, that's it, is it. But may n't I tell Cousin Ned?"

"Oh, he knows. You must n't peek, Cousin Ned."

"I know," said Phippy. "Lucy's been making something for him."

"I really must look," said Ned; "I'm afraid it will fly away." So he peeked again, and then he showed a pretty paper-weight which Lucy had made for him out of a stone, covering it with a picture.

"Lucy brought it from Boston with her," said Mrs. Bodley, "so

as to be sure and have it when Ned's birthday came, if it should happen to come while we were away."

"Why, is this Cousin Ned's birthday?" said Nathan. "So it is. I forgot all about it."

"So did I," said Phippy; "but I won't next year."

The present gave Ned a great deal of pleasure, and on the journey home he composed these little lines, which he wrote on the bottom of his paper weight:—

#### MY CHERUB.



GOLDEN hair and rosy lips,  
Two little wings with scarlet tips;  
His hands thrust out, his eyes bent down,  
A little blue sash his only gown;  
Straight to my table the angel flew,  
And blessed my year begun anew.  
"What is thy name, sweet cherub-child?"  
"Lucy's Love" his little eye smiled;  
"Lucy's Grace," said his laughing face.

“Then stay with me, thou cherub dear,  
And bless the whole of my new year.  
When the dull world has gone to sleep,  
And into my room the fairies peep,  
Welcome all with thy brown eyes,  
And shower thy kisses, cherub-wise.  
We ’ll live together, you and I,  
And all my merry company, —  
Flowers and children, bird and beast,  
Little, littler, littlest, least !  
Let the big world wag its head sideways,  
We know what the little world says.  
Then blessings on thee, blue-robed joy,  
My little benediction-boy,  
With thy golden hair and rosy lips,  
Thy little wings with scarlet tips !”

And is this the end of the Bodley’s cruise on wheels ? Oh no ; but it is all that we can tell about it. The next day they bade good-by to Aunt Lucy, and started off in high spirits to drive by the turnpike through Rowley and Topsfield, Danvers, Peabody, and so to Lynn. They made a two days’ journey of it, and reached Roseland Tuesday night. They found everything much as they had left it. Nurse Young had seen to that. There was a stranger, too, who stood in the barn, watching the carry-all drive up.

“Why, there ’s Hen !” exclaimed Martin.

“Is it possible !” said Mr. Bodley. “At last we ’ve seen Hen.”

THE END.



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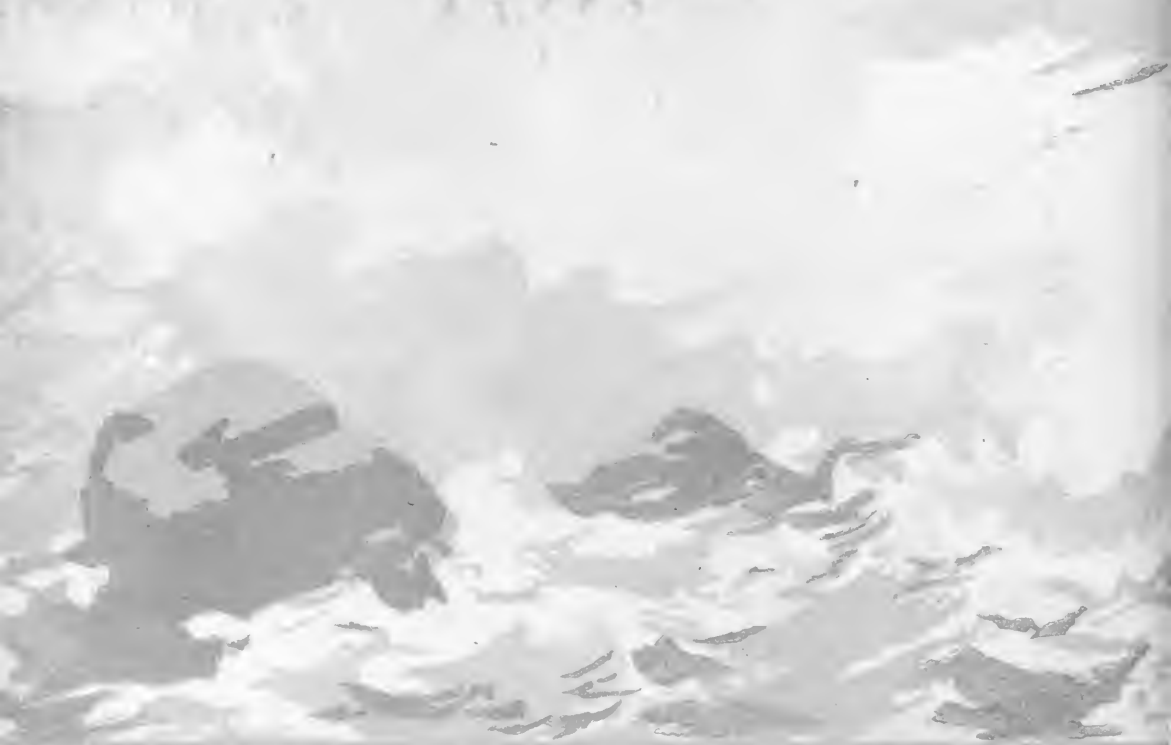
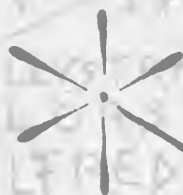
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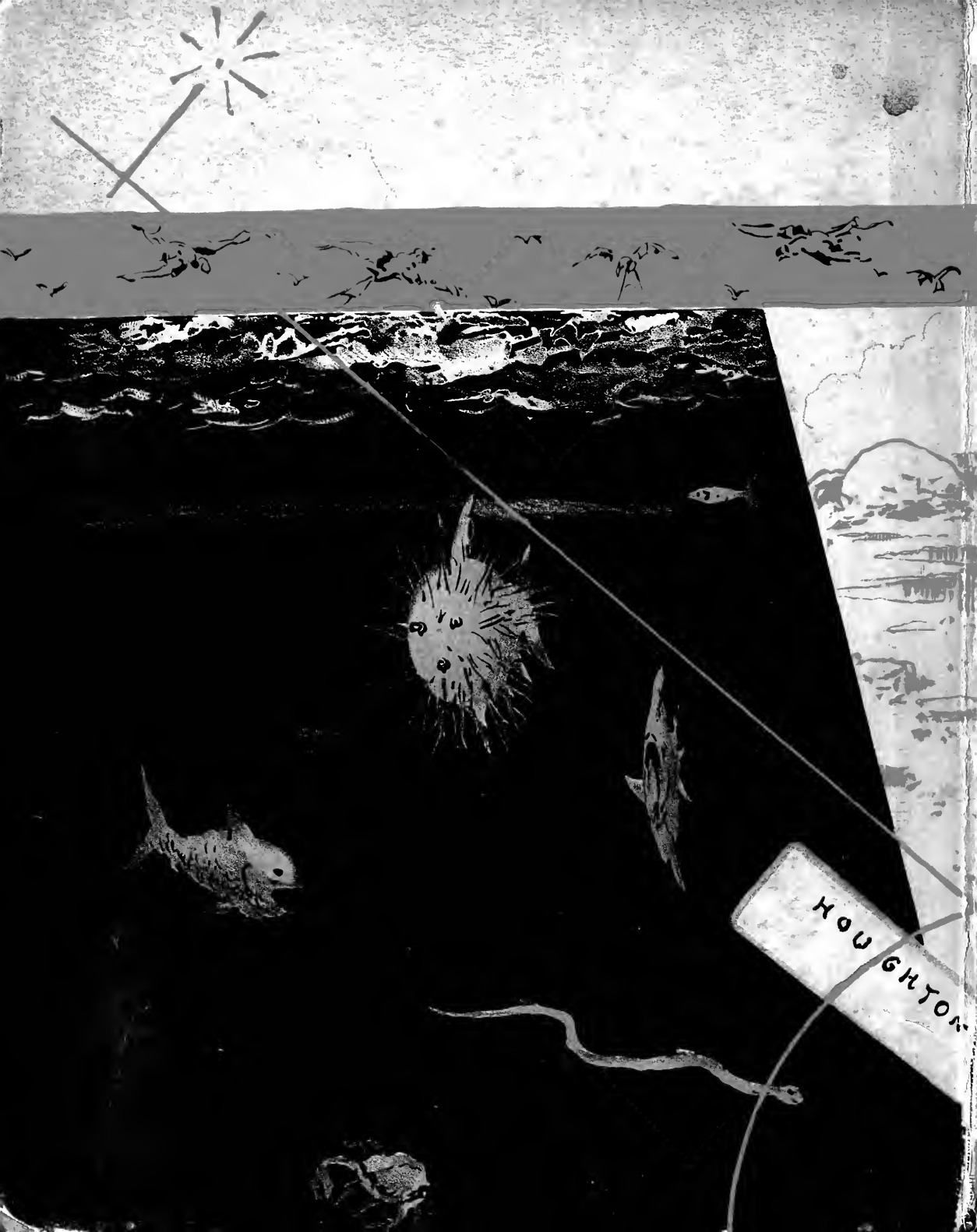
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